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Russia, Poland and Germany

For some time, reports from London and Moscow have given us what were said to be Russia's plans for readjusting her own and the Polish frontiers. A Moscow magazine has printed a map, and Frederick Kuh, of the Marshall Field newspapers, has published terms which agree with it. On March 26 a radio commentator for the Columbia Broadcasting System, speaking from London, announced the same set of proposals but said that they were agreed upon by Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin at the Teheran Conference, along with arrangements to occupy Germany after she has surrendered. According to these plans, Russia is to get eastern Poland and East Prussia as far west as Koenigsberg. Her western boundary will run southeast from Koenigsberg to the old Curzon Line. Poland is to get the rest of East Prussia, the old Polish Corridor (which she already had) and eastern Pomerania as far as Stettin on the Oder River. Poland's western frontier would run down the Oder and then move southeast.

If this is really the plan of the Allies, it is sensational news for the whole world. It certainly violates the Atlantic Charter as that document has been universally interpreted. Unless it is accompanied by other measures of which nothing has been heard, it would implant in the Germans a passionate hatred and a burning desire for revenge that would make a third world war probable. The success of the plan would depend upon the three great Allies' sticking together in the closest unity for many years: a prospect that hardly seems likely as things now stand. For example, Britain and America are democracies whose foreign policy is subject to change without notice.

Pro and Con

In favor of the proposal, several arguments can be made. It would settle the question of Russia's western boundary, restoring to her the territory Poland took by force. It would destroy the power of the great German landholders of East Prussia, almost the worst and most dangerous group in the Reich. It would end the existence of the Polish Corridor, always a geographical monstrosity. It would mean severe enough punishment to the Germans so that, in theory at least, they should repent having started the war.

What are the conditions under which this territorial arrangement could become acceptable to decent world opinion? Such action would be tolerable only in a reorganized Europe where boundaries had lost their importance and nationality most of its emotional color, a Europe closely federated, turned into a single economic unit and maintained at a high degree of prosperity. Even so, all inhabitants of territory which changes hands, whether from Poland to Russia or Germany to Poland, should be given the free opportunity and full assistance to migrate and be resettled elsewhere. If these things are not done, any such territorial revision as this would be the first cannon shot in the new war.

The Changing Shape of the War

The shape of the war on the European continent is changing with dizzy speed. The advance of the Red Army to Rumania has not only put the German armies in the southern Ukraine in a desperate predicament, but has brought the Balkans into imminent peril. Hitler has taken over the government of Hungary and may

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need to do the same with Rumania and Bulgaria. In a military sense, this as yet means little; all three of these countries were already occupied by German troops and it has long been clear that Germany would have to defend them. On March 27, Hitler was desperately hurrying additional forces into the region. If Allied military intelligence is correctly informed, he can ill afford to spare these reserves in the face of the expected invasion of the Continent from England.

While the news from the Russian front continued to be magnificent, less satisfactory reports came from two other regions. The efforts to dislodge the Germans from Cassino, in Italy, had thus far failed, after more than three months. On the Burmese front, the Japanese had begun a serious invasion of India which threatened important Allied supply lines. The British authorities in that region belittled the effort, saying that it was only a counter-offensive, and could easily be stopped. There was uneasiness, however, among persons who remembered the cocksure predictions of the British that they would hold Singapore and Burma, when these areas were first attacked—predictions which were proved false almost as soon as made.

Mr. Churchill Reports

Mr. Churchill's much advertised speech turned out to be mainly a political appeal addressed to the British people on behalf of the present nominally coalition but actually Tory government. Although he began with a quick survey of the war situation around the world, he speedily came down to domestic matters and particularly, the British government's postwar plans. We are told that most of the British press gave his speech a cool reception, on the ground that the plans proposed are not big enough. Here is a striking indication that British opinion is far ahead of that in this country, just as the British Tory government is more New Dealish than our New Deal.

The British government has made plans to build hundreds of thousands of new houses immediately after the war. While they are called "temporary," they will be as permanent as, and much better than, the average British or American house of the past. By contrast, the United States has no corresponding plan, and Congress is in the process of whittling down our whole public-housing program.

Britain already has an elaborate scheme for public aid to good health, and proposes to extend it much further. In the United States, all such plans are still stymied by the conservatism of doctors and congressmen.

Britain has a complete plan for orderly demobilization and reëmployment. The United States has only just begun even to think about the necessity for such plans.

Britain has under discussion the Beveridge Plan for complete social security. We have not even written such a plan, and Congress has abolished the agency which was making preliminary studies for one, the National Resources Planning Board.

To be sure, there are plenty of things still wrong in Britain. The dead hand of the past, the inertia of conservatism, are still felt. Nevertheless, viewed from this side of the ocean, postwar planning in Britain looks like the millennium, compared with the lack of it over here.

The Jews of Hungary

While the German seizure of the Hungarian government means little in a military way, it will have one terrible consequence. The Hungarian government was far milder in its treatment of the Jews than was its big neighbor; but this moderation will now disappear. Things will also be much worse in Rumania and Bulgaria, if they, too, are taken over. Already there are unconfirmed but plausible reports that the Gestapo has moved into Hungary and that many Jews have committed suicide, as other Jews did when Austria, France and other countries were brought under the heel of the Nazis. President Roosevelt has published a dramatic appeal to the conscience of the world, and especially to the German people, to aid the innocent victims of tyranny, and most of all the Jews in the satellite countries. He promises again that we shall track down and punish the guilty; this is the policy on which the United States, Great Britain and Russia are all agreed.

One hopes that the President's message may do some good, but it is hard to be optimistic about it. Only within the past few weeks have we set up any real organization to try to get refugees out of Hitler Europe. Before that, the British and American governments passed pious resolutions from time to time but did almost nothing else. Shiploads of refugees were allowed to wander up and down the world, being refused admittance to one country after another. Even now it would probably be impossible to get a law through the American Congress opening our gates, if only on a temporary basis, to these helpless victims of Nazi savagery. For that matter, it isn't even possible to get through Congress a resolution asking Great Britain not to cut off immigration into Palestine. In regard to the Jewish and other innocent victims in Europe ours has, with a vengeance, been a policy of too little and too late.

McKellar v. TVA

The United States Senate has voted to hamstring the Tennessee Valley Authority in a large part of its future operations. It took this action under the persistent demand of Sen. Kenneth McKellar, who long ago put aside reason in favor of the wildest prejudice toward TVA Chairman David Lilienthal, whom McKellar accuses of trying to put him out of politics. In

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the course of last week's debates on the TVA in the Senate, a half-dozen conscientious Senators went after McKellar and his foolish arguments so forcefully and effectively that unsophisticated observers were certain that their logic would prevail. Senators Hill, Bankhead, Barkley, La Follette, Aiken and Bone had the answers as to why the TVA should not be molested; but Senator McKellar got the votes.

The TVA is in a grave situation. If McKellar should have to come back to the Senate for another vote, he would have a much harder time, because, among the fourteen absentees on this vote, ten indicated that they would have voted with the TVA. Most of them were absent for legitimate reasons. But the conference committee which has been appointed to represent the Senate is loaded against the TVA. Senator Glass, who has not attended sessions for almost eighteen months, was solemnly appointed to this committee, where McKellar will hold his proxy.

The TVA's future probably hangs on the House and it remains to be seen whether or not that body will reflect the vast support the project has over the country.

Willkie in Wisconsin

Wendell Willkie has been fighting hard, in his Wisconsin primary campaign, to make the Republican Party a liberal one, which will want a man of progressive views like himself for its head. It must, he said, become "a party of men who know their liberty is at stake," not one that is "silent, dodging or negative." He wants the party to outdo the Democrats in waging an aggressive war. Recalling how he worked for aid to Britain, for the draft and Lend-Lease, he stated that he lost the election in 1940 because he had to carry the dead weight of isolationist Republican leaders, 80 percent of whom were at heart against him. He attacked Governor Dewey indirectly on several occasions, warning that a simple Anglo-American alliance, which Mr. Dewey has advocated, could only lead to bad trouble. He threatened obliquely to bolt the party if it selects Dewey and an appropriately reactionary platform. He accused the New Deal of not respecting the intelligence of Americans and of having lost touch with the springs of our democracy. Newspaper reporters who went with him, most of whom seem to have fallen under his magnetic spell, report that even hostile audiences were charmed by him. William Evjue, editor of The (Madison) Capital Times, urged Wisconsin Progressives to vote for Willkie in the primary.

Willkie is the most progressive individual who has any chance at all of getting the Republican nomination; indeed, except for Governor Stassen, he is the only one. He has grown enormously since 1940, and a presidential race between the new Willkie and the new Roosevelt—preoccupied with the war and feeling under the necessity of giving way to the conservatives at almost every turn—would be one in which many liberals would have to think hard about their choice. But unfortunately for him, the tide seems to be setting against Mr. Willkie in the Republican Party. The conservatives believe that they can win this year with almost anybody, and they will seek to put up the worst candidate they feel they can afford. The bumbling Harrison Spangler, Republican National Chairman, himself as reactionary as he is inefficient, seems a good sample of typical Republican leadership today. Mr. Roosevelt's best chance of reëlection, at this moment, lies in the overeagerness of the Republican right wing, and the clumsy candor with which it displays its black intentions.

Industrial Alcohol

Sen. Mon Wallgren of Washington has made a serious charge against the War Production Board's handling of industrial alcohol, which deserves prompt and thorough attention from the Senate and from war mobilization directors.

Senator Wallgren says that even if the grand total of our estimated alcohol production for 1944, 609,000,000 gallons from all sources, comes through, we shall still fall 29,000,000 gallons short of our needs for 1944. Our reserve stocks have dropped from 138,000,000 to 80,000,000 gallons in the last six months, a loss of 42 percent, the Senator points out, so that making up this year's deficiency from our reserves is a dangerous gamble. Senator Wallgren wants to know why, in the face of this situation, the War Production Board Chemical Division is making no effort to develop the production of industrial alcohol from pulpwood and sawdust waste. Germany learned how to convert the cellulose of wood into sugar and that sugar into alcohol and other important products as early as 1918 and has been using the method throughout this war. The patents for the process have been available to us through our Alien Property Custodian's Office since Pearl Harbor. Our Forest Service has been

Walker in The Cardiff, South Wales, Echo

Nazi Strategy on the Russian Front

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conducting careful tests of its own, which have produced remarkable improvements even on the German method. Still, Senator Wallgren points out, we continue to dump millions of tons of sawmill waste while we face an industrial-alcohol shortage. Is this another case where WPB executives are so wedded to existing production methods that they avoid any new ideas which might upset the industries from which they came and to which they plan to return?

A Correction

In The New Republic of March 20 appeared the first article by Miss Helen Fuller in her series on "The Invisible Congress." In the course of this article Miss Fuller said that among the members of Frank Gannett's Committee for Constitutional Government appeared the names of "such old America Firsters as Louis Taber, former Master of the Grange, Samuel Pettengill and Booth Tarkington." Miss Fuller's information came from a source she had previously found reliable, and her statement was published in good faith and without any personal animus toward anyone. Since then, however, we have learned that Mr. Tarkington was not a member of America First, but was, on the contrary, an active supporter of the Indiana Committee for Victory. We extend our apologies to him for the misstatement.

Men in Washington: II

The resignation of Randolph Paul, general counsel and special tax adviser to Secretary Morgenthau, amounts to a public announcement that the administration's fight for an adequate tax program is at an end. Paul would not run out on a fight now, after the years he has spent supplying the intellectual ammunition for, and a large part of the direction of, the Treasury's efforts to obtain proper tax legislation.

Mr. Paul brought to his job at the Treasury a long experience as a practising tax lawyer. Many congressmen will tell you that they hate to think of the appearance the Treasury would have made before their committee without Paul on hand to answer the technical questions. In addition to facts, Paul brought a lot of fight to his government job. In strategy conferences he always wanted to hold out for what was really needed. Around the Treasury, it was said that Paul was Secretary Morgenthau's backbone on the sales-tax issue, always insisting that it was an unfair and unsound revenue device. Perhaps his greatest failure was his inability to outtalk the glib advertising men in the War Savings Division of Treasury, who sold the Secretary on their voluntary methods as opposed to the compulsory-savings plan that Paul repeatedly urged.

A small, soft-spoken, graying man, working with little organized support, has been one of our most able generals in the battle against inflation. Randolph Paul will be missed in Washington.

(This is the second of a series of brief vignettes of men and women in Washington.)

Dies and Winchell

If CONGRESS wants to know why its prestige is steadily sinking among the discerning people who in the long run strongly influence public opinion in the United States, it need look no further for a typical example of its objectionable behavior than its continued uncritical support of the one-man inquisition now conducted for many years by Martin Dies of Texas. At the beginning there was perhaps some excuse for those who countenanced his activities, because it was possible for the uninformed to take at face value his pretense that he was protecting the Republic against subversive movements. When a man acts this role melodramatically enough, it is assumed by many that anyone who attacks him must be an enemy of the state, and branded as "un-American." But the Texas Representative's assault on Walter Winchell brings him out into the light of the star shells, where everybody must recognize the character of his behavior.

Probably no individual in the United States, outside of those in official positions whose business is to prosecute crime, now has a more widespread and better deserved reputation for exposing really subversive activities than Mr. Winchell. Again and again, on the radio and in his signed column, he has called attention to persons who in this country were doing the work of Goebbels, or were his native counterpart. Winchell has done so as a private citizen who was not protected by official position from libel suits if he told any malicious untruths, and who had no influence whatever beyond that provided by his pen and tongue. In numerous cases his charges have been substantiated by subsequent action against those whom he accused, on the part of the federal government.

If Mr. Dies has ever exposed any important agent of Germany or Japan, or any native movement which was helping them in their work of disrupting American morale, or if he has ever furnished to government prosecutors any evidence of treason or sedition which they did not already have, we are unaware of the fact. He has pretended to be concerned about Communists, but precious few even of these have come under his public scrutiny. His main activities have consisted in smearing the Communist color on liberals and progressives who were not Communist at all, and in most cases not "fellow travelers." His purpose in doing so has been to weaken, not the enemies of the state, but those in favor of progressive legislation, the labor movement and, in recent years, the government of the

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United States itself. The administration of President Roosevelt has been his main target, and the ammunition he has used consists in false charges that it is honeycombed with, and under the influence of, the "Reds." This is exactly what Hitler and Goebbels would like to have us believe.

Whether all of Mr. Winchell's specific charges against Mr. Dies are true we do not know, but we do know that there is something unsavory in the atmosphere surrounding a man who sets out to expose "un-American activities," who then fails to say or do anything effective about the Nazis, the Fascists and their cohorts, and who ends by doing his best to undermine the effectiveness, the prestige and the morale of those whom the President appoints to aid him in his constitutional duties.

It would not have required behavior as serious as this, however, to bring Mr. Dies into disrepute among those who took the slightest trouble to examine his methods and who have an understanding of true Americanism or fair play. He accumulates his material, not in open hearings, but by the work of private investigators who seem familiar with the ways of those whose business it is to attack reputations for political purposes. He collects charges from any who make them, regardless of the reliability or the relevance of their testimony. These charges are usually never considered by his full committee, but are broadcast without any impartial scrutiny, or any opportunity for the accused to be heard. Behind them is the authority of his congressional committee. Mr. Dies is immune from libel action by those concerning whom he has spread malicious and injurious untruths; and this is almost equally the case with those who quote from his reports. Denials made by the victims never catch up with the original charges, and never receive the same amount of publicity. Even in the cases where the accused are allowed to appear before the committee in their own behalf, they are not permitted to be represented by counsel, and are allowed no latitude in explaining or justifying themselves. If a more un-American procedure can be imagined, we do not know what it is. This is in itself about as close to the methods used by the political tyrannies against which we are now engaged in a bloody war as anything to be found outside the totalitarian regimes.

Mr. Dies is now occupied in trying to embarrass Mr. Winchell by all the methods in his arsenal. To subpoena all the records and papers of a busy journalist for two years is by itself no mean punishment. To try to make trouble for him through his radio stations and his sponsor is fully in character. There is one thing, however, which Mr. Dies will probably never have the fairness or the courage to do—that is, to give Mr. Winchell a chance to answer him in one of his own committee hearings, with as much freedom and privilege as Mr. Dies himself customarily employs.

The Facts about Subsidies

ATTACKS UPON THE FOOD SUBSIDIES have two chief arguments, one of them sly and the other absurd. The sly one simply calls the subsidies inflationary. This is clearly a trick, because the only alternative to the subsidies would be higher food prices, which would unsettle the labor front, add enormously to the expenses of the government and consequently be much more inflationary. Like the pot calling the kettle black, persons who take this line recommend what would be worse than the program they denounce. They really want inflation and yet deny that they want it and pretend to side with inflation control.

But some opponents of the subsidies advocate inflation frankly. Among them is Frank Gannett, publisher of The Times-Union of Rochester, New York, and other newspapers. Mr. Gannett has distributed ten anti-subsidy articles, which he prepared in collaboration with Dr. F. A. Pearson, of the New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell University, of which institution Mr. Gannett is a trustee. These articles laud "freely fluctuating prices," condemn our rationing system, maintain that high prices will solve the problem by encouraging production and reducing consumption, and call the subsidies "defensive weapons used in the retreat of a regimented price-system." They add up to an absurd plea for laissez-faire in total war, in agriculture if not in industry.

Easier to answer because more straightforward than the other line, the Gannett thesis deserves close attention all the same. It is being extensively farmed out among the farmers. Mr. Gannett has sent his articles to all members of Congress, to leaders of farm organizations, to agricultural colleges and to a long list of rural and other publications. The ideas they contain resemble arguments previously developed by F. A. Harper and W. M. Curtiss, of the Department of Agricultural Economics, Cornell University. Under the title, "Inflation Is on Our Doorstep," these authors published an article last July in the Conference Board Economic Record, in which they declared "price inflation brings more total production than would occur under any method of control," and in a subhead asked, "Why not a compromise on inflation?" In popular form, the Gannett articles reproduce the Harper-Curtiss doctrine, which in the original version fills twelve printed pages with close-knit statistical and economic theory. Apparently Mr. Gannett wants to sell the doctrine to the farmers and to the farm bloc, as ammunition for the inflation drive they have been pushing.

The core of the argument is the idea that "freely fluctuating prices" should be trusted both to stimulate production and to ration consumption. Only one potent incentive to production exists—the dollar. Tempted with enough dollars, farmers will produce what the

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country needs, while on the other hand high prices will reduce consumption and ration short supplies. Hence Mr. Gannett opposes both price control and "ticket" rationing, as not automatic and not efficient. In wartime it is important to have selective production, rather than just any kind of production, both in fields and factories; but the Gannett articles deny this fact. Assuming that we have unlimited capacity, they say the real problem is not to shift production but simply to get more production, and at the same time to ration consumption through high prices. Presumably the shift from automobiles to munitions could have been made that way, not to mention the easier shift from surplus crops to scarce crops.

From this point on the attack develops upon the subsidies. It was wrong to issue price-fixing orders, and consequently wrong to invoke rationing. Price-fixing orders proved ineffective because they created many inequities, which rationing did not remove but worsened. Resort to subsidies was merely a further retreat from the principles of a sound economy—merely an admission that low ceiling prices impeded production and stimulated consumption. Subsidies cannot protect us against inflation because they are themselves inflationary, in that they increase the purchasing power of consumers, breed more debt and require more regimentation. Fighting a big war, says Mr. Gannett, is impossible without some resultant inflation, and evidently he welcomes it.

Carried to its conclusion, which would be a hands-off policy for everything, wages and profits included, the Gannett propaganda revolts common sense. Nobody believes we could get ships, planes, tanks and guns through reliance solely on "freely fluctuating prices," or that manpower would be available for industry with only bargaining to regulate the wage-cost. On wages, however, the Gannett articles remain silent; labor is a horse of another color. Only commodities, it seems, should enjoy "freely fluctuating prices"; supply and demand should fix the price of labor only when labor is not scarce. Moreover, Mr. Gannett discusses only farm commodities, and doesn't mention the numerous other things that must be divided between military and civilian uses. Starving the war-fronts of munitions, so that civilians could bid freely for automobiles, radios, refrigerators and washing machines, would be too obvious insanity. Hence what has the look of a general rule turns out to be only pressure-group stuff. Mr. Gannett will settle for higher food prices. But as a publisher does he want sky-high prices for newsprint?

Yet even when restricted to the food front, the Gannett case does not make sense. Its twin supports fall quickly. In the first place price-inflation cannot boost production *indefinitely;* the effect is only temporary. Higher prices bring more production only while we have reserves of land, labor and capital. With all facilities in full or nearly full employ, inflation boosts only prices—not output. In World War I, our factory production rose sharply in 1915 and thereafter increased very little. Yet we had no inflation in 1915, and a great deal in the succeeding years. Even food production responded poorly to the subsequent inflation. The Department of Agriculture's index numbers of food production (1935-39=100) are as follows: 81 in 1914; 84 in 1915; 81 in 1916; 82 in 1917; and 90 in 1918. Farm prices rose more during World War I than they have risen so far in this war; yet farm production increased less. Our farms in 1943, with a farm population nearly 4,000,000 below that of World War I, produced 47 percent more food than they produced in 1918, World War I's peak year. But the rate of increase is going down; we are coming to the end of our immediately utilizable resources. In other words, we are coming into a position in which inflation cannot further boost production, but can raise only prices; and if we let it gather headway, it will raise the prices of things we don't need for war as much as or more than the prices of the things we need urgently.

Against the idea that rising prices can do our rationing, it suffices to recall that men in our armed forces require 1.25 times as much food as they did in civilian life, that large food reserves must be accumulated for battlefronts, and that our allies depend on us for food. Moreover, the military and Lend-Lease requisition runs high for many items. War programs call for about one-third of the pork, lamb and mutton that will be produced in 1944, and about one-fourth of the beef. Military use or export will take half the dried fruit, nearly half the canned fruits and juices exclusive of citrus, nearly half the dry beans, nearly two-thirds of the dry peas, about half the milled-rice supply, about a fourth of the butter, about half of the evaporated milk, more than half of the dried milk and nearly half of the cheese. Moved only by "freely fluctuating prices," the civilian supply would not go around; whereas under effective ticket rationing it will. On a nutrients basis the civilian food supply per capita will be higher in 1944 than it was before the war; and ticket rationing tends to give everyone a fairer share. With only price rationing, the nutrients wouldn't go in the right proportions to the right people. There wouldn't be much beefsteak, for example, for the miners, and still less for the white-collar men.

Subsidies are bad, says Mr. Gannett, in the first place because they are inflationary and second, because civilian purchasing power should be cut. "The problem," says the ninth article, "is to keep down the government's war expenditures and to reduce civilian purchasing power *to the bone.*" Under deficit spending all government outlays are potentially inflationary. But the real question is whether the subsidies cost the government more than, or not as much as, higher prices would cost. President Roosevelt said the anti-subsidy bill which he vetoed on February 18 would have raised

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the cost of food in the Bureau of Labor Statistics Index not less than seven percent, and would have raised the whole cost of living materially. Letting the food bill go up by seven percent would certainly be as expensive to consumers and to the government as the subsidies themselves, which are currently running at the rate of $1,000,000,000 or more annually. But the real issue at stake is not this seven percent, but the inflationary spree which such a rise would set in motion. Wage earners would instantly demand more pay, and manufacturers would consequently have to raise their prices too. The net additional expense, to the government and to consumers generally, would be many times the cost of the subsidies.

What lies behind Mr. Gannett's demand for reduced consumer buying power? It seems this is just his way of demanding increased incomes for farmers; for the method he proposes is not primarily increased taxation, but higher food prices. It would be impossible to conceive anything more one-sided, and at the same time more inconsistent with what Mr. Gannett professes to believe. He says the only way to get more production on the farm is to increase the farm reward; yet he implies that industrial production, which is equally necessary in the war effort, can be had for *decreased* rewards. Food consumers are of course producers in their lines; and if we increase their food prices, we reduce their real pay. On the theory that production responds only to rewards, income should be shifted not away from but toward the food consumers, because farm incomes have risen considerably more than factory workers' earnings. In 1943, for example, the realized net income of farmers was 167 percent above the average for the period 1935-39; whereas average weekly earnings of factory workers were only 97 percent higher, and much of that increase went to pay higher food costs.

Mildly, Mr. Gannett pays homage to taxation as a means of controlling inflation, but he doesn't urge it very hard. How he would have voted on the recent tax bill, had he been in Congress, he doesn't say; but possibly, like other opponents of the food subsidies, he would have opposed increased revenue for the government. This is a fair inference from his desire to divert "dangerous money" not away from but into the commodity markets. Most of the anti-subsidy crowd have that in mind, and if they had their way we should suffer inflation on an astronomic scale. In view of the fact that the anti-subsidy people are frequently also the anti-taxation people, we need not take what they say about "dangerous money" at its face value. They say, and have said from the beginning of the subsidy discussions, that untaxed loose buying power is bound to frustrate subsidies and all other attempts to control inflation. And in the same breath they fight higher taxation.

One argument in favor of the subsidies, perhaps the most important one of all, the Gannett articles do not notice; but this may be because the argument has not been much explained. Our food-price controls have of course two main parts, one devoted to the encouragement of farm production and the other to stabilization at the ceiling level. Developed independently, these two features of the system do not entirely match. On the one hand, necessity forces the WFA to offer high support prices for many essential commodities, while on the other hand the OPA endeavors to observe President Roosevelt's hold-the-line order. In December, 1943, the farm-price average was 17 percent above parity, but some individual farm prices were much higher. It is impossible of course for wide disparities between farm and ceiling prices to persist. Farm prices must come down, ceiling prices must rise, or subsidies must bridge the gap. The subsidy method keeps the gap from getting wider, because it serves notice on agriculture that it must be moderate in its demands.

How this works out is simple. It would not be practicable to reduce farm prices greatly; farmers would object, not only through their organizations but on their farms. On the other hand, the raising of ceiling prices would touch off wage demands. The subsidy method has neither of these drawbacks, and has a tremendous additional advantage. It continues the farm-price supports, holds the ceiling line and checks further divergence between farm and ceiling prices through the dependence of the allowable divergence on the subsidy funds available. In other words, the support prices have to be such as can be maintained without overburdening the Treasury. Here is the best reason for the subsidies, and perhaps also the main cause of the furious opposition they arouse. Under the subsidy program, the farm-price line cannot be developed independently, with nothing in view but the desires of the farmers; it has to be kept firmly in a working relation with the ceiling line. Consequently, opposition to the subsidies reflects more fear they will work than that they won't.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

Editors: BRUCE BLIVEN, MALCOLM COWLEY, GEORGE SOULE, MICHAEL STRAIGHT, STARK YOUNG

Treasurer: DANIEL MEBANE

Assistant Editors: ELIZABETH HULING, GEORGE MAYBERRY

Contributing Editors: H. N. BRAILSFORD, VAN WYCK BROOKS, VARIAN FRY, JULIAN HUXLEY, ALFRED KAZIN, MAX LERNER, E. C. LINDEMAN, THOMAS SANCTON, REXFORD GUY TUGWELL

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The Chance for World Peace

NEWSPAPER DISPATCHES from London and Washington hint that Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin are soon to meet again. The report may or may not be true, but it serves to underline the growing alarm at seeming dissension among Britain, America and Russia. The specific occasions for apprehension have been discussed over and over at great length, and need not be repeated here in detail. They include Russia's action in recognizing Badoglio, the United States's action in withholding full recognition from the French Committee for National Liberation, and Britain's actions in announcing that she will keep Hong Kong permanently and that the Atlantic Charter does not apply to our enemies.

Until a few days ago, the fears included one that Russia intended to settle the Polish boundary dispute without discussion with her allies. On March 26, however, a CBS news broadcast from London purported to reveal some important decisions made at Teheran. Germany is to be jointly occupied by the three Allies, Russia the east, England the north and the United States the south. It was further stated that Germany is to lose permanently East Prussia and all territory east of the Oder River. Poland will give up territory east of the Curzon Line; Russia's western boundary will take in Koenigsberg, and she will get roughly one-third of East Prussia. It is obvious that if this report is confirmed, the decisions are of the greatest importance.

The reports of dissension, and the widespread comment in the daily press that the Atlantic Charter is not being carried out as was expected, have caused unusual activity in Washington. President Roosevelt began his statement about refugees in Europe with a paragraph which he described as "foreign policy," saying that

> the United Nations are fighting to make a world in which tyranny and aggression cannot exist; a world based upon freedom, equality and justice; a world in which all persons regardless of race, color or creed may live in peace, honor and dignity.

A few days earlier, the State Department flatly denied that we are flirting with Vichy. At the same time Mr. Hull proceeded to recall from his previous speeches a seventeen-point summary of American foreign policy ranging from winning the war, being good neighbors and removing trade barriers, to referring disputes to a world court, keeping the peace by means of an international police force and helping colonial peoples to move toward ultimate freedom. These seventeen points are good as far as they go; the two things wrong with them are that we hardly seem to live up to them in our day-to-day diplomacy and that all seventeen together are certainly inadequate to prevent another war.

Naturally, any attempt at a balance sheet on relations among the great powers and the prospects for permanent peace has items on the good side as well as the bad. First on the list of reasons for optimism is the fact that it looks very much as though Germany and Japan will be crushed. It is hard now to remember the historic truth that for a considerable period of time after the war started in 1939, the chances seemed about even that the Fascists would pick off their enemies one by one, and would at last rule the world.

Beyond that, there are some definite gains to be chalked up. The Atlantic Charter, the Four Freedoms and the agreements of Moscow, Teheran and Cairo no doubt left a good deal to be desired, and are already apparently being somewhat whittled down. (I say "apparently" because, until the statement about Germany, made above, is confirmed or denied, no one can be sure what was agreed by the three powers in the conferences, or just what is now being planned.) But the world is better off with seven-eighths of an Atlantic Charter than with no Atlantic Charter at all. In the field of international morals, we really do have to pull ourselves up by our bootstraps to a certain extent; and the more we can put the rulers on record, the better, even though the record consists up to now mainly of pious generalities. There are also certain gains in the changing shape of the war that must not be overlooked even though we must also record changes in the opposite direction. Enough is now known of the attitude of American and British soldiers, fighting all over the world, to make it clear that, as might be expected, they profoundly hope there will never be another war. So do many civilians. Moreover, in some parts of the world, the war has taken the color of a genuine people's move for liberation. It is so in Yugoslavia and Greece; it is becoming increasingly so in France. It is so to a certain degree in northern Italy, in the region still occupied by the Germans. It could easily become so in China. In Russia, it is genuinely a people's war. In short, there is always a possibility that the war may set in motion tides too powerful for the diplomats to control.

For the present, however, the painful fact is that the three great Allies are now thinking about the postwar world in sharply divergent terms, and in terms which can only cause a sinking of the heart as we look to the future. Perhaps it is more accurate to say that each of these powers is now preparing two alternative sets of future policies. One of these sets is based on the

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assumption that we shall have worldwide coöperation and some sort of new league. The other is based on the assumption that all real efforts at coöperation will fail, and that the nations will return to the general scramble for power and privilege that we saw between wars, a scramble which would give us a better than even chance of another world war in another quarter of a century, or less.

While the great powers are doing many things based on the second alternative, they are doing almost nothing at all based on the first. Activities which assume that the postwar world will be very much like the prewar one are beginning to come up through the soil in all directions like spring grass. They range all the way from plans for cutthroat competition in the fields of aviation, merchant shipping and Latin American trade, up to Jan Smuts's vigorous warning to the British that they should attempt to set up a sphere of influence in Western Europe to counterbalance the Russian one in the East. America is preparing for sharp postwar competition on the old lines, augmented by our enormous new equipment in aviation and shipping. Some Americans are demanding that we should retain title to territory now being conquered in the Pacific. Of course, the demand for complete military security in itself presupposes that all efforts at a collective world order will have failed.

Russia, too, seems to be doing some things based upon a realistic, not to say cynical, pessimism about the future of collective security. I do not refer to her insistence on taking the Baltic states and eastern Poland; I am prepared to believe that she regards these regions as her own quite as much as we think of California in the same way (the simile is from a Russian source). It seems clear, however, that her anxious preoccupation with a friendly Poland, even if it has to be bought by giving the Poles part of East Prussia and other territory, is based on the expectation that she will still be in danger of attack from the west by Somebody; and that this Somebody might use an unfriendly Poland to good advantage. Russia's persistent secrecy about her army, the refusal to give British and American military observers anything like the amount of information they want, the coolness toward the idea of letting our fliers land in Russia in the course of the shuttle bombing of Germany, all point in the direction of a feeling of insecurity.

The disagreeable truth is that the postwar collaboration among China, Russia, Great Britain and the United States will be a collaboration among highly different cultures and economies. Certainly, such collaboration is not impossible; but the disparity in habits of thought will make for great difficulty in the future, as it has done in the past. Let us look for a moment at the general outline of what each power wants.

China is in the grip of conflicting currents moving toward both totalitarianism and democracy. After the war she will want and need for her rehabilitation large amounts of capital from abroad; but she will also be less inclined than ever before to let foreign flags follow foreign money into her provinces. Her secret ambition undoubtedly is to get as strong as possible in an industrial and military sense, and then coöperate with other Asiatic nations—India for instance—in throwing the white man entirely out of the Orient in so far as any special position and privilege are concerned. Ultimately China would be a country the great bulk of whose trade is internal.

Soviet Russia still believes firmly in communism as the only acceptable economic system. While it is true that the Moscow government is no longer working earnestly at the job of converting or coercing the rest of the world, no doubt she would welcome communist regimes everywhere else, unless for some special reason she opposed one in a particular country at a particular time. Russia intends to dominate as much of Europe and Asia as she needs to for her own security. Beyond this I do not believe she has imperialistic ambitions. She has no interest in building up a large foreign trade; nobody in Russia would profit by such a trade, since the state would get all the money.

The postwar policy of the present British government, so far as one can discern it, is chiefly a repetition of the pattern between world wars. As mentioned above, she intends to compete sharply in foreign trade with the United States, on the argument that as a nation which normally imports 60 percent of her food, she must sell abroad in large quantities or starve. There are signs that she wants the government to participate generously in companies dealing with overseas trade, some of which would be in a virtually monopolistic position. Thus the government is a large minority shareholder in the chief oil company operating in the Middle East; it is giving great help to a company that will play a heavy part in postwar commercial aviation around the world, and so on. If the supporters of "free enterprise" win control of the American government, and if they are sincere in saying they want no government help for private business, Americans in certain lines will find competition with the British tough.

Politically, it is hard to predict Britain's future. The present British government has said, as already noticed, that she intends to keep Hong Kong. Despite the Cripps offer, or perhaps because of the manner in which it was rejected, Britain is holding tightly to India, with most of the responsible Indian leaders in jail. She has given no hint, so far as I am aware, that she intends to relinquish Burma, Malaya or any of her present African colonies. To be sure, there are many people in Great Britain who can see that the Smuts policy would lead straight toward another war; but there is no more evidence that such people hold a majority in England than in America. There are deep currents of reform at work among the British now; but on the whole these

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currents seem much more effective in domestic than in foreign policy.

What does the United States want after the war? It is hard to see the outline of any definite foreign policy emerging at the present time. It is customary to say that politics stops at the water's edge; but this is no longer true, if it ever was. If Mr. Dewey becomes President on January 20 next, our foreign policy will be very different from what it is if Mr. Roosevelt has a fourth term; it will be a policy of aggressive business domination, strongly reminiscent of the days of Harding, Coolidge and Hoover. It would be only natural if the ex-gang buster No. 1 should regard foreign countries in general as being under suspicion, if not actually on probation and required to report to him once a month.

So far as can be judged, in spite of the declaration of Moscow, which calls for a definite international organization, Mr. Roosevelt is not much interested in any such thing. He is a great believer in personal contacts. He would like to help run the world through frequent personal discussions with Churchill, Stalin and, now and then, Chiang Kai-shek. Conceivably, a world run in that way might rock along successfully for some time. On the other hand, it would be a very different world from one run by Stalin, Churchill and Thomas E. Dewey. And in the long run, the world would be safer if the statesmen who conferred were the freely elected representative heads of governments in which labor, farmers, consumers—in short, the plain people who have everything to lose and nothing to gain from war—played the dominant role.

The inescapable fact is that we have no real hope of averting a third world war unless we can somehow bring about a sharp and decisive change in the attitudes of all the great powers. It isn't enough merely to have men of mild good will like Mr. Hull in charge of foreign relations, or Fascist-haters like Mr. Churchill, or least common denominators of political forces, like Mr. Roosevelt. The experience of all history teaches us that balance-of-power politics, spheres-of-influence politics, ruthless-economic-competition politics lead only, in the long run, to war. At some point, you must have at the head of every great state a man who feels that permanent peace is more important than national sovereignty, more important than a "favorable" balance of trade, more important than nailing down for yourself dwindling natural resources, like oil, in remote parts of the world. These men must be backed by a public opinion which also feels that peace is the most important objective of national public policy. What are the facts about the three great Allied nations, considered from this point of view?

About Russia, no one can speak. The Russian people are in a high state of emotional tension about communism, which they have identified psychologically with Stalin. They are not likely to try to dictate any foreign policy to their government, and if they attempted it, one is doubtful about the outcome. However, it is certainly true that given reasonable security within her own borders, Soviet Russia is not likely to be a menace to world peace for many years to come.

In Great Britain, there is a widespread and strong desire for permanent peace. But one hesitates to say that it is stronger, even in the rank and file, than is the desire to keep the Empire going, to maintain foreign trade large enough so that Britain can import the food she needs. I can see no present reason why the British people would not follow Mr. Churchill or his successor in a national policy similar to that pursued between the First and Second World Wars, a policy which would do little to avert a third war.

What of the United States? Here we see once again the striking disparity between public opinion at the grass-roots level and the level at which newspapers are edited, and men are elected to Congress. If the Gallup and Fortune polls are accurate, as I assume they are, the plain people of the United States are far ahead of Congress as a whole on almost every important national and international issue. In fact, to study the polls of the last few years is to have your faith in democracy refreshed and strengthened. But unfortunately, most men do not get into Congress because they are right on the fundamental issues by which we are confronted, nor do they respond only to popular pressures after they get there. They are elected for all sorts of reasons, including the fact that they are "safe, sound conservatives" who will well represent the banking interest or the manufacturing interest or the stock-raising interest of their community. Sometimes they are elected for other reasons but then proceed to respond to business pressure.

There is nothing in all this to make liberals particularly down-hearted. Our situation is no worse than it has been in the past, and in some ways it is doubtless better. People who were foolishly optimistic when the New Deal was at its height eight or nine years ago, and are foolishly pessimistic today, uniformly underestimated the strength and power of the conservative forces in this country. They overlooked the fact that the only solid basis for permanent reform is a nation which has been slowly and painfully educated to the necessity and desirability of reform. And that is a hard job in a country where most of the press, most of the radio and most of all other media for expression are in the hands of conservative business men. The job is made harder by the carefully cultivated theory that Americans are better off than anyone else in the world. In spite of all this, the polls show that the progressives are winning at the grass-roots level. The harder they fight, the sooner and bigger the victory, and the better the chance that we may have, as poor Mr. Chamberlain said, peace in our time.

BRUCE BLIVEN

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Russia and the Balkans

A JOCULAR QUESTION often asked by Bulgarians during the present war is: "If six Russian soldiers land at Varna, how many will reach Sofia?" The answer: "Six million." The Russian soldiers would have the entire Bulgarian people behind them. With the arrival of Russia's hard-driving southern armies on the border of Rumania, and with Hitler's seizure of Hungary, the same question may well be asked of all Balkan peoples. Will they welcome the Russians? Do they expect Soviet aid in driving out the Germans? In short, what will Russia's role be in future Balkan politics?

The key to these questions is in a number of recent developments in the Balkan countries themselves. In Yugoslavia the Partisans have established their own provisional government. In Greece civil strife between various guerrilla armies has been halted and the National Liberation Front has emerged as the country's most powerful political resistance movement. In Bulgaria underground activities and guerrilla warfare have increased under the central direction of the anti-fascist Fatherland Front. In Rumania civil unrest has reached the boiling point.

All of these developments suggest a new departure in Balkan politics. For the Balkan peoples the war against the Axis is not only a struggle for national liberation, but it has also assumed the character of a social-revolutionary upheaval. A realistic appraisal of future possibilities must therefore recognize that once the peoples under Axis domination begin to fight their own war, without passively waiting to be liberated from the outside, they will also insist on shaping the outlines of their political futures without interference.

For decades the Balkan peninsula has been "the powder keg of Europe." It took fascism to arouse the Balkan people against the four evils of misgovernment, economic backwardness, nationalistic rivalry and foreign imperialism, which for so long beset their countries. Their liquidation is as much an objective of the war of liberation as the defeat of the Axis. This explains the apparent paradox of the present Balkan situation which, on the surface, looks worse than ever. Fascist puppets in Zagreb, Belgrade, Sofia, Bucharest and Athens, on orders from Berlin, wage ruthless civil war against their own and neighboring peoples. Abroad, reactionary governments-in-exile and self-appointed spokesmen sow confusion about the aspirations of the popular movements at home. Their sole purpose is to guarantee their own return and to reëstablish the status quo. Never before has there been so much death, starvation, destruction and hatred in the Balkan lands. But never has there been, in spite of the present turmoil, so much hope for the future.

When on November 30, 1943, the "Free Yugoslavia" radio announced that strong Rumanian and Bulgarian guerrilla units had joined the Partisan Army of Liberation under Tito, the symbolic value of the announcement was probably more important than the actual numerical strength of these bands. It belied the age-old myth that the Balkan peoples, because of allegedly irreconcilable racial, cultural and religious differences, could not join hands and solve their common problems. This notion, carefully nurtured by interested parties, has been responsible for much bloodshed in the Balkans. But it is not only hostility to the common enemy which unites Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Bulgars, Rumanians, Hungarians, Czechs and Slovaks in the Partisan movement. The desire for a federation of the Balkan peoples has been expressed for at least half a century by the best minds of the peninsula's green agrarianism. Time and again the efforts to achieve Balkan unity failed because their realization depended on a democratic basis that was lacking. Now, however, in the midst of war and under the heel of foreign oppression, this democratic foundation is being built in the liberation and underground movements of Yugoslavia, Greece, Bulgaria and Rumania.

The Yugoslavia Partisan movement is particularly significant, because it is a living expression of the idea of democratic and federal Balkan unity. Its political importance for the entire Balkan peninsula consists in the realization that the evil of chauvinistic rivalry is closely tied up with the evil of autocratic class rule. Its intention to do away with both evils simultaneously and to introduce federal unity and democratic government into Balkan politics, was clearly put forward in a resolution adopted on November 29, 1943, by the Partisan Assembly at Jajce. This resolution purposefully links the federative principle with the demand for abolition of traditional class rule. It provides that "in order to guarantee real sovereignty to each of the Yugoslav peoples and make sure that Yugoslavia will no longer be *an arena for the activities of any reactionary clique*, the federative principle will ensure full equality to all the peoples of Serbia, Croatia, Slovenia, Macedonia, Bosnia and Herzegovina." (Italics mine. – H. E.)

The emergence of the powerful Partisan movement in Yugoslavia and the eclipse of the government-in-exile-supported Chetnik army of General Mihailovich suggest that large sectors of the Yugoslav people, especially workers and peasants, see in the former the fulfilment of their desire for social and federal democracy. Very much the same development has taken place in Greece. There the military forces of the Liberation Front far outnumber other guerrilla groups. The Lib-

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eration Front, or EAM, is not just fighting for the liberation of Greece from foreign oppression, but also for the establishment of a social democracy after the liberation. Recently the differences between the forces of the EAM and guerrilla bands led by Col. Napoleon Zervas have been settled. Responsibility for Greek fratricide has been attributed partly to the Greek Government-in-Exile, anxious to promote Zervas as the "Greek Mihailovich" for the purpose of counterbalancing the hostile Liberation Front, and partly to the Germans, who played on Zervas' anti-communist bias by dubbing the EAM communist.

The rallying point of all underground opposition in Bulgaria is the influential Otet Chestven, or Fatherland Front. It includes all parties opposed to the Nazi puppet government. It is genuinely revolutionary. It opposes the war, advocates the withdrawal of Bulgarian troops from Yugoslavia and the expulsion of the Germans from Bulgaria, resists the export of foodstuffs and raw materials to Germany, demands the release of all imprisoned civilian and military personnel, but most significantly, also proposes a democratic program for Bulgaria's future. Point seven of its program insists that "all political rights of the people must be reëstablished and freedom of the press reinstated as well as public meetings and organizations permitted." It warns that it will defend "national, economic, political and labor interests against foreign interference," and demands a "high standard of living for urban and rural populations." The program closes with a call for revolutionary action: "All Bulgarians must unite to overthrow the present treacherous, Hitler-controlled government and replace it by a government of the people that will represent the whole nation and the true Bulgarian spirit."

While revolutionary action has most progressed in the three other countries, its fury on reaching Rumania may surpass anything known elsewhere. Rumania's economic poverty and the low standard of living of her people; the corruption of her ruling class, misgoverning the country by petty tyranny and petty bribery; and foreign fascist oppression have prepared a fertile soil for revolutionary action. Revolution is only delayed by the presence of German troops. No clearly defined political program from Rumania's underground has reached the outside world. But it is known that the most effective struggle is waged by young Rumanians belonging to decidedly leftist political circles. That they look to Russia for assistance is understandable. But revolution in Rumania will come of itself and without Soviet aid when the Germans are driven out.

Whether one welcomes or dislikes the fact that the popular movements in the Balkan countries are social-revolutionary in character and purpose, their existence cannot be denied. To label them "communist" may discredit, but it will not liquidate them. There undoubtedly is some communist leadership, but the majority of the leaders and the vast majority of the following are non-communist. Intervention against these movements, even if temporarily successful, can only lead to disaster.

Fortunately, neither Great Britain nor the United States seems inclined to put obstacles in the path of the Balkan resistance movements. Both are sending military supplies to the Yugoslav and Greek Partisans. Both are acting in complete harmony with the Soviet Union. On December 14, 1943, Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden informed the House of Commons that he had discussed the Balkan situation with Foreign Commissar Molotov at Moscow and Teheran. On January 30, 1944, the USSR rejected a proposal, made by the Yugoslav Government-in-Exile, for a treaty of alliance and friendship, thus affirming its support of the Partisan movement. Previously, on January 11, former Soviet Foreign Vice Commissar Alexander Korneychuk had handed a note to the Greek ambassador in Moscow, A. Politis, censuring in effect the splitting tactics of the Greek Government-in-Exile and indicating that the Soviet Union does not exclusively support the communist elements in the Greek liberation movement. In the meantime the Soviet journal, War and the Working Class, denounced the Greek Government-in-Exile as reactionary. Present indications are that Great Britain and the United States, possibly in acknowledgment of the predominance of Soviet interests in the Balkans, do not plan to apply to this area the undemocratic policy of dealing with Balkan Darlans or Badoglios.

This does not mean, however, that the peninsula will be completely removed from the sphere of imperialistic rivalry. Just as the Soviet Union is interested in having friendly governments in the countries surrounding her, Great Britain is interested in preserving the friendship of any Greek government, indispensable for the security of British shipping lanes in the Mediterranean. Moreover, Anglo-American capital will certainly be necessary for the economic reconstruction of the Balkan nations. To prevent Russian and Anglo-American interests from clashing and making the Balkans the powder keg of the world, will require the successful continuation of the spirit manifested at Moscow and Teheran. Frank recognition of the preponderance of Soviet interests in this area is clearly the most promising feature of Russo-Anglo-American political collaboration.

Soviet influence in future Balkan politics is natural. It derives from the tremendous popularity which the USSR enjoys among large sections of the Balkan peoples, especially peasants and workers, as much as from the reality of power. The heroic resistance of the Russian armies to German aggression has been a major factor in arousing the Balkan will to resist. Much emphasis has been laid on the close racial ties which exist between the South Slavs and the people of the USSR. The organization of All-Slav congresses in Moscow

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suggests that the Kremlin is taking full advantage of the idea of Slavic unity. But more than just racial affinity draws the Balkan peoples and the Russians together. There is the fact that the Soviet Union has successfully solved two of the major political difficulties responsible for decades of unrest in the Balkans, the liquidation of the old ruling classes and the federal solution of the nationality problem.

Those who raise the cry of "Soviet imperialism" fail to understand that the overwhelming majority of the common people in the Balkans do not fear Soviet influence. In the first place, if the USSR has any plans for the economic integration of the peninsula, they are the very opposite of old-fashioned exploitative imperialism. Economic union of the Balkan nations under Russian auspices would be mutually advantageous. Second, there is no evidence that the USSR plans the sovietization of the national economies of the Balkan countries. Such an attempt would find fierce opposition on the part of the Balkan peasantry, which has its economic roots in small land-holdings. The Yugoslav Partisan movement, for instance, does not advocate collectivization of agriculture, but insists on the maintenance of private property.

Soviet influence in the Balkans may therefore turn out to be a stabilizing factor. There is nothing sinister in this development. It is as natural as the close ties which may be expected to exist after the war between Great Britain and the Scandinavian nations. This was recognized by President Benes of Czecho-Slovakia, who, speaking before the Czecho-Slovak National Council in London on February 3, 1944, pointed out that Soviet obligations and aims in the postwar world are "more than merely revolutionary and exclusively Soviet in character," and emphasized that the Soviet-Czecho-Slovakian alliance has assured the security of his country.

What particular organizational forms will evolve on the Balkan peninsula that will ensure national cooperation is a matter of mere speculation. The Soviet government has not indicated so far what its precise plans are, although it has made it plain that it is unalterably opposed to any regional federation which might be turned into an anti-Soviet political instrument. I do not believe that the recent constitutional changes in the Soviet Union, giving considerable power in military and foreign affairs to the separate republics, were adopted with an eye to possible inclusion of Balkan nations in the USSR. But the Bulgarians may decide to join the Yugoslavs in a great South Slav federation, the nucleus of a Balkan bloc, which would have close ties with the Soviet Union. Or the Balkan nations may continue to exist as independent states bound to the Soviet Union by individual treaties of alliance such as the Soviet-Czecho-Slovakian treaty. Either alternative is possible. But whichever is finally adopted, it is inevitable that the Balkan peoples will lean heavily on the USSR for no other reason than the striking similarity of interests—political, economic and cultural.

HEINZ H. F. EULAU

The Invisible Congress

III. *The Real-Estate Lobby*

THE MEN who make their living trafficking in the roofs over our heads are working overtime as part of the Invisible Congress of lobbyists, in the fight for postwar position.

From the very beginning the New Deal's public-housing program was bitter medicine for builders and real-estate men to take. They swore mighty oaths that they would rid themselves of "unfair government competition" and regain their rightful domain. The New Deal years, therefore, have seen a tremendous growth in the lobbying activities of the private housers. Wartime restrictions on construction and rentals aroused still more antagonism toward the government, and now they have formed themselves into a wide variety of bigger and better associations and "institutes," with high-priced, high-pressure representatives in Washington to fight their battle.

The Invisible Congressmen who represent the private-housers are lined up on three special fronts. They are out to abolish public housing after the war, liquidate the Home Owners' Loan Corporation and do away with rent control. A clean sweep back to the pre-public-housing days is what they are aiming for. Who these Invisible Congressmen are, what they are doing and how they do it, is the business of everyone who owns or rents a house.

Who's Who. – The head man in the real-estate lobby and the smoothest enemy of a federal housing program, is Herbert U. Nelson, for the last 20 years executive vice-president of the National Association of Real Estate Boards.

NAREB is the top association in the housing field. There are quarrels in this as in all other businesses. The builders and construction speculators may, for example, battle the industrial realtors or the mortgage bankers in local situations, but on the major issues that hit them all in their pocketbooks, they stand together and take their leads from NAREB. That also goes for the legislative agents whom the real-estate

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industry supports in Washington. The individual members of housing's Invisible Seventy-eighth Congress vie with each other for position and prestige and feud over details, but in big fights for their bosses' interests, the real-estate lobbyists follow Herb Nelson into battle.

The real-estate lobby is a pyramid of "institutes," covering all the phases of the business. Five of these organizations share the National Association of Real Estate Boards' spacious Washington headquarters: the National Association of Home Builders, the Society of Industrial Realtors, the Institute of Real Estate Brokers, the Institute of Real Estate Appraisers, and the Urban Land Institute, which is the intellectual "front" for the lobby. The housing lobby has solved its own housing problem very neatly, for the four-story Washington headquarters at 1737 K Street combines office space for the Institutes with living accommodations for Herbert Nelson, whose top-floor apartment is useful for quiet meetings with congressmen and their staffs as well as for lavish cocktail parties.

More loosely allied with the Nelson organization are groups like the United States Savings and Loan League, the Mortgage Bankers' Association, the Producers' Council (building-supply men) and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, which coöperate with the NAREB organization on individual issues rather than on a total program.

On the major fight against continuation of the administration's low-rent, slum-clearance program after the war, real estate's Invisible Congress stands united. NAREB sounded the battle cry last November at its annual conference in Cleveland with this statement: "The public-housing movement as currently constituted is a social and political menace and has already become a vested interest of tenants and political jobholders. . . . Realtors and property owners should unite in opposing further use of public funds for this questionable enterprise." The Association went on to demand a congressional investigation into the costs of public housing and to call for another kind of subsidy program more acceptable to landlords, a system of rent certificates to be administered as public assistance to needy families.

Both NAREB's subsidiary organizations and its allied associations hastened to go on record for the same basic program and get down to work on it.

As token of their own serious intentions, the Real Estate Boards elected an experienced lobbyist as their new president, John Galbreath, a Columbus, Ohio, real-estate operator, who had spent the previous two years, as chairman of the Washington Realtors' Committee, the lobbyists' clearing house, fighting rent control, orderly land acquisition by the government and public housing. Galbreath was prominent at the Cleveland convention, sponsoring Gov. John Bricker's address to the group and soon after accepting the position of director and treasurer of Bricker's campaign committee. Bricker has already obliged by coming out against continuing public housing after the war.

Galbreath came back to Washington in December to launch the new offensive. He took on the heavy slugging job, leaving the subtler task of confusing the opposition with fancy new plans and high-sounding schemes to his vice-president in charge of the intellectual approach, Herbert Nelson. While Galbreath entertained several hundred members of official Washington at a fancy cocktail party at the Statler and at other smaller affairs, Nelson was busy selling the rent-certificate scheme in speeches made by himself, by the other Invisible Congressmen of housing, and local real-estaters, and in working out an even trickier offensive to launch against public housing.

Part of the strategy was aimed at softening up the opposition, throwing a real scare into the public-housers, whose little National Public Housing Conference was obviously no match for the big lobby, and winning concessions from federal housing officials anxious to escape possible liquidation. This last task received special attention from Frank Cortright, paid executive vice-president of the National Association of Home Builders, who specializes in a more "reasonable" approach toward public housing than most of his colleagues. Cortright and National Housing Administrator Blandford are on a "Frank" and "Jack" basis, and some of Blandford's critics who disapprove of his recent apologetic statements about the role of public housing give the Nelson gang credit for Blandford's present timidity.

But the major part of the real-estate strategy on post-war plans was naturally aimed at Congress. The big men of real estate turned up at congressional hearings in greater numbers than usual. Herb Nelson saw a great deal of such Republican fellow Illinoisans as Senator Brooks, Representatives Busbey and Dirksen, of the Joint Economy Committee, and, of course, other old friends like Howard Smith of Virginia—whose investigating committee had proved so useful—Jesse Wolcott, Carter Manasco and Fritz Lanham.

Then Frank Cortright and the Home Builders brought in a real Capitol Hill winner. For about three months now Washington papers have been full of news about a tussle between the local National Capital Housing Authority and Congress over whether some NCHA funds which had been turned over to the Treasury should be restored to the Authority and whether Congress should appropriate additional funds for a two-year District of Columbia slum-clearance program. The NCHA case started out as a purely local matter, but it quickly became a national one when the real-estate lobby decided that it could be built up into a device for crystallizing congressional sentiment against the whole low-rent program. Frank Cortright's Washington letter to the Home Builders let the cat out of the bag back in December, with this flat statement: ". . . The public-housing fight here is out in the open

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and is definitely the news of the week. We devote a considerable portion of this letter to reporting the situation in the belief that a pattern may be established here for other communities."

Public-housers are taking the opposition at its word and are carefully studying this new "pattern" for the attack. The National Association of Housing Officials sent this report to its local members soon after Cortright's letter went out:

> So far, the "pattern" seems to have been the mobilization of real-estate and building organizations, citizens' groups and women's clubs, to come out in the local papers and at mass meetings denouncing the Authority's program as having failed in its objectives—having failed to free the city *completely* of its slums in the seven years of its life; having failed to house actually low-income families; having failed to build economically—having succeeded only in maintaining a high payroll and in building up "socialistic," pressure-group communities. . . . The crux of it all seems to be this: the "pattern" repeats some of the basic facts on which public housing proceeds—and then turns its back on the only effective solution that the nation has found for the slum problem.

The "local" fight that is to set the national "pattern" is still on. While hearings before the Lanham subcommittee proceed, the real-estate boys are out preparing the ground in which they want the "pattern" to grow. Cortright's boss, Robert P. Gerholz of Flint, Michigan, president of the National Association of Home Builders, is stumping the country with horror stories, geared to the local audience. "Let's take any public-housing project right here in Denver," he told a group in that city recently. "War workers who are earning three times the amount of the people for whom it was intended now occupy that housing project. . . . The city collects no taxes and gets no revenue."

President Galbreath is making speeches too. At a recent meeting of the Washington Real Estate Board, he added to the usual storm against public housing the tip that rent control is due for another real attack from the landlords in the course of the coming fight over extension of the Price Control Act. Galbreath indicated that the realtors expect the Smith Committee, which harassed rent-control officials so persistently throughout last year, to lay down a barrage on the whole OPA program until the realtors' plans for killing rent control are accepted. The National Association of Real Estate Boards is deeply appreciative of the friendship of so strategically situated a man as Rep. Howard Smith. Last year when Smith's merciless persecution of the rent program was at its height, NAREB's bulletin, Headlines, applauded:

"The realtors won a smashing victory in the hearings. . . . Seldom has a hearing on as controversial a subject been conducted in as fair and impartial a manner as the rent-control inquiry." During that period, Irving McCann, counsel of the Smith Committee, was a frequent visitor to Nelson's office and apartment. This year the Invisible Congress has even stronger representation on the rent side. The National Apartment Owners' Association's Washington man, Eugene Conser, is doing a good deal of the necessary tramping of congressional corridors. The central Realtors' Committee has an energetic new man to coördinate the work on the Hill, Oliver Birch, former newspaperman and trade-association representative.

Liquidate the HOLC. – The Invisible Congressmen who are working for the liquidation of the Home Owners' Loan Corporation have received priceless assistance from two members of the real Congress, Sen. Harry Byrd of Virginia and Rep. E. M. Dirksen of Illinois. Dirksen and Byrd have introduced similar bills to force speedy liquidation of the HOLC's good investments along with its poor ones, through block sales by counties and states, and are now demanding prompt action on this legislation. HOLC officials have repeatedly stated that this proposal is unsound and would mean heavy losses for the government and quick profits for the local companies that would buy the mortgages thus disposed of. But Dirksen and Byrd and their followers continue to shout about "the bitter fruit" of what they contend has been a political policy in lending and to spotlight the inevitable black marks on the HOLC's record. It is expected that the Joint Committee on Nonessential Expenditures, on which both Byrd and Dirksen serve, will be brought to bear on the HOLC at a suitable time.

Everett Dirksen works closely with almost all the top real-estate lobbyists, but Invisible Congressman Morton Bodfish, executive vice-president of the United States Savings and Loan League, has perhaps been his closest associate in the fight against the HOLC. Bodfish is looked down on by some of his more sophisticated associates like Herbert Nelson because of his blatant manner, his tendency to use a meat ax on the opposition rather than a stiletto. But for this job he does all right. For some months now, Bodfish has carried on his activities from the rarefied atmosphere of one of the Office of Strategic Services' most secret divisions, where he serves on a dollar-a-year basis. It is reported that he gets a supplementary $20,000 from the Savings and Loan League.

Bodfish's work at the OSS has not interfered with a recent campaign in which he has coöperated with Representative Dirksen in stimulating interest among local banks and savings and loan associations by requesting them to apply for the purchase of HOLC mortgages. Dirksen stirs them up with individual letters; Bodfish's local men then handle the follow-up.

The real-estate lobbyists in the Invisible Congress have their story straight. Their bosses are agreed on what they are to say, and the stooges are agreed on how and when they are going to say it. Public hous-

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ing must go if we are to preserve Free Enterprise and the American Way. So must rent control and low-rate government loans to home owners. These jobs must be returned to private hands even if that means that millions of families must continue to live in wretched conditions, even if soaring rents help create inflation. The Invisible Congress is prepared to carry through the program it is paid to carry through regardless of the consequences.

The vast support for public housing which has grown up in the New Deal years still remains unorganized. The few groups into which those who believe in public housing have formed themselves are pitifully small and poor. The total budget of the National Public Housing Conference for this year, the largest it has ever had, would fall several thousands short of paying the salaries of Herb Nelson, Frank Cortright and Morton Bodfish alone. But on the good side, increasing numbers of public-housing officials and supporters are refusing to be intimidated by the opposition's propaganda and remind each other that a little guy named David once slew a giant named Goliath.

In my next article I shall report on the Invisible Congressmen who are representing labor and liberals in Washington.

Washington HELEN FULLER

Sport in Wartime[1]

Our town is located on the northern shores of Long Island Sound, a little over an hour by train from Grand Central Station. In normal times we have a population of about 40,000. Swollen by war factories, like so many Connecticut towns nowadays, it now has about 50,000. The city is divided into Taxing Districts, and those of us who live in the Sixth District, on the edge of town, are the orphans of the municipality. We have no sewage system, no police protection, we run our own volunteer fire department. However, we do have a new grade school.

Thanks to That Man—whom the District votes against solidly every four years—and the WPA, the old schoolhouse with its President McKinley roof was torn down a few years ago, and a modern, efficient building constructed. The other evening some kids broke in. Klein, the druggist, thinks he knows them, so does Hank Beane, the local barber. The kids painted swastikas all over the white walls of the new school.

"Juvenile delinquency," shrieked the city fathers. "Juvenile delinquency," shrieked the town's newspaper. "Juvenile delinquency," echoed the Common Council in its monthly meeting, the commuters on the 7:18, the forward-looking dames of the Parent-Teachers' Association, the Kiwanis at their weekly luncheon, and the rest of Our Town. Because America is a nation ruled by slogans, and Our Town is just a segment of America. Juvenile delinquency is a 1944 slogan. Hearing it tossed around, one might imagine we had never before confronted the problem. That juvenile delinquency sprang full-fledged from the head of War.

The facts are that some kids broke into the new schoolhouse and splashed swastikas over the walls. True. But no one has asked what the kids of the Sixth District can do of a winter evening, and where they can go. The schoolhouse has a modern, regulation gymnasium, just the place for a basketball league. But the district cannot afford to keep it open nights. Heat, light, janitor service, supervision; all that costs money. (We gotta keep the tax rate down, don't we?) What then, can the kids do?

Or the rest of the kids, the kids of Our Town, of whom there are 8,000 between the ages of 8 and 18. The recreation budget, which the Council at present is trying hard to reduce (the Governor Dewey influence is strong in town now), has been raised in recent years from $2,500 to $12,000. Our wealthy neighbor Greenwich, twenty miles away, has a yearly recreation budget of $38,000, and half our population. The average budget throughout the nation for a municipality of 50,000, is between 50 and 60 cents per person. The National Recreation Association believes that a city of our size should spend from 50 cents to $1 per head on recreation. We spend less than half the minimum requirement.

The chairman of the recreation board, a volunteer paid in complaints and headaches, is principal of one of our junior high schools. Mr. Smith is the kind of man who makes you proud to be an American. He's a Hungarian, came up the hard way, knows, loves and understands kids. Gives his time and energy for them every day, in school and out. As chairman of the recreation board he often sits up in committee meetings until two in the morning. When school is finished in June he has a full-time job, without pay, trying to make the recreation program work with insufficient funds.

His assistant, the director of recreation, is a teacher and basketball coach in the senior high school. The director's salary (for his recreation work only) is $1,200 a year. The job of directing our recreation program takes all day in summer and a great deal of his off-time in winter. We have two parks, one not fully developed, where a softball league for industrial teams plays in warm weather. There is an old estate in the center of town which has been left to the municipality, but several thousand dollars are needed to fix it up for the public use. Funds are lacking and won't be ap-

[1] This is the eighth of a series of articles. The next will be "Art in Wartime," by Elizabeth McCausland.—THE EDITORS

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propriated, so the estate lies idle behind the rusting iron fence along North Main Street. In winter four of our eighteen public-school buildings are open evenings for basketball, and one for badminton. This, with the overcrowded Y and the moom pitchers, are the sources of recreation for the kids of Our Town.

Yet both the judge of the Children's Court and the town probation officer testify that the moment the basketball program for boys starts in winter, trouble with the kids decreases. Meanwhile there is almost nothing for the older people in the way of public recreation in winter, and little in summer save a small and unattractive public beach.

Our Town merely duplicates what is taking place throughout the nation where conditions are better in some places and worse in others. Thus a bunch of boys broke into a schoolhouse in a large New England city recently, turned on the lights and started playing basketball. They got into a scuffle for the ball, one was pushed, fell and hit his head. He died later in the hospital, and the whole crowd of twelve-year-olds is being tried for murder. Terrible kids, said the city. . . .

Terrible us! That we don't do something about these problems instead of mouthing slogans like "juvenile delinquency."

The first result of the war, then, has been, as far as sport is concerned, to accentuate, point up and dramatize the need for public recreation and leisure-time activities for all the people. The second effect has been the amazing growth of spectator sports of every kind throughout the nation.

For many years now a few of us who followed sports have been suggesting that many athletic manifestations in these United States had no relation whatever to real sport, but were merely professionalized entertainment, to be judged as such. The war has sharpened this difference between sport and recreation. As usually happens in wartime, the rackets have flourished. On the other hand, real sport has languished both for lack of participants and, to some extent, because equipment is hard to obtain and transportation even harder.

Thus the war has defined plainly which sports are really sport and which are entertainment, like the theatre and the movies. The latter have never been so successful. Avid for amusement, with money in their pockets, the American people have jammed the racetracks, the ball parks, the stadia. In 1943, attendance at tracks throughout the country was up 26 percent, while betting reached war-loan proportions. As college football, with reduced student bodies, fell off (Frank Reagan, former Penn star now with the Marines, openly declared that college athletes "should be paid in cash, not rah-rahs"), the professional game had the best year in its history, and the Polo Grounds were filled on three glacial days in December when the Giants met the Redskins for the title in the National League's Eastern Division. Whereas Harvard, Fordham and some other universities virtually abandoned intercollegiate football for the duration, Notre Dame and those institutions which continued the game with the help of navy trainees had a big season. The World Series saw all-time attendance crowds at the Yankee Stadium. Almost 250,000 spectators paid an average of $4.40 to see the Yanks and the Cards, a couple of mediocre teams, battle for the title. This winter Madison Square Garden in New York has been packed for boxing contests, basketball games, skating carnivals and other athletic exhibitions. (It is interesting to note that Madison Square Garden stock has risen on the Exchange from 10 to 15, one of the highest recent ratios of increase on the Big Board.)

Although Saratoga and other tracks had to cancel or move their fixtures for 1943, some meetings were held and the vast sum of $238,635,717 was bet in the 190-day season in New York State alone. This compares with $175,158,374 in 1942—a sizable increase. The average daily attendance at New York State tracks last summer was 18,538, and the average individual wager was $10.58. The betting climax was reached at Aqueduct on Labor Day, when nearly $2,000,000 was wagered on eight races.

The excuse for the continuation of big-time football, baseball, basketball, boxing and other professionalized sports was that our fighting men wanted to hear about them. That just as the boys at the front were pleading with us to keep dear old private enterprise functioning, so they were begging us to continue d. o. p. e. in sport, asking us please to continue the same old athletic racket in the same old way. The second justification for their existence in a time of total war was that the home folks needed the G'ints, the Cubs and Tony Galento for purposes of morale and recreation. The racetracks were presumed to be healthy relaxation for weary war workers. There was no gas for families to go to a bathing beach and stay all day in the sun, but there were taxicabs to take the tired business executive to the tracks.

Sport may be the one important thing in the lives of our boys abroad. Maybe. But not according to Sgt. David Goulding of The Stars and Stripes, who recently returned from Italy to represent that newspaper in this country. "I put sports at the bottom among matters of interest to overseas soldiers, at least on the Italian front. The three things most interesting to them are: (1) general home-front news; (2) news of the war and international developments; (3) stories about fighting by individuals and units. The soldiers like sports, sure, in their place, and they realize it's a good thing to have some recreation for the folks at home. But they don't like the phony aura. The promoter who says his sport is necessary to the war effort isn't fooling them."

Stanley Frank of The New York Post, one of our more perceptive sports commentators, said recently:

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"There's little doubt that we have become a nation of snobs and specialists in sports. The amateur field is dominated by college athletes who comprise an infinitesimal part of our population. (Not more than two percent.) Their superiority stems directly from the advantages—founded upon money and leisure—that enable them to devote more attention to conditioning and practice than the kid who works for a living." And he points out that between 1924 and 1936, every one of America's Olympic champions, with a single exception, was a college man.

This concentration upon the specialist-champion, this concern for record-breaking, this neglect of public recreation in many parts of the nation, this worship of headliners, star performers and athletic exhibitionists, has had its effect. When the draft came, a substantial proportion of our youth needed long training to come up to the physical standards of the army, and some were actually rejected for conditions which could have been remedied with proper early attention to health.

While the profit motive has been dominating American athletics, Russia has succeeded in taking sport to the 170,000,000 citizens of the Soviet Union. Russia abandoned the idea of mass athletics and sokols so long popular in western Europe for games like volleyball, basketball, ice hockey and others that demanded individual initiative. They managed to get the nation playing; not watching. In Russia sports are not primarily something for the champion, with the kids of the Sixth Taxing District getting what sport they can where they can, but sports for all.

There is no such thing as professionalism in Russian sport. Athletes are workers or soldiers who get only their usual pay when they compete. Everyone is encouraged to join a sports club, at a nominal cost. There he gets free equipment, instruction, medical attention if necessary, and most important of all, an opportunity to take part. Skiing, skating, boxing, tennis, fencing, bicycling and basketball are some of the games and sports played. There are six colleges and twenty-five schools giving degrees in physical education and turning out competent instructors.

Now in the field of physical education we have ten times the facilities of Russia, ten times the number of capable teachers and instructors, men and women, graduating every year. Large numbers of those in the field are good citizens, genuinely interested in the welfare of the people by whom they are paid. But too many of the men are functionaries, too many are politicians, too many still treasure an inner desire to become Frank Leahys and end up as name-coaches concentrating upon the mass production of Rose Bowl elevens.

But there's nothing new in all this. It has been said many times before. Quite so. As we watched the name athletes exploit their skills, everyone was aware that we were a nation of onlookers. This must change if the country is to become a really healthy and vigorous nation. Curiously, the war which has made us so anxious for entertainment may hasten this change of values.

Or more particularly, the navy may hasten this change. The navy V-5 program under which naval-aviation cadets were trained at North Carolina, Iowa, Notre Dame and St. Marys, revealed some significant facts about the physical life of these youngsters, presumably the pick of our youth. Thus it was discovered that large majorities never played games at all, and that as many as two-thirds couldn't pass the basic swimming test. The navy taught them all to swim. The navy taught them to play games and like it. These kids returning at the end of hostilities will want to continue playing games, and will want games for their sons and daughters too. Here is an important effect the war has had on our athletic thinking.

The coaches who were their instructors will have changed also. These coaches were for the most part high-school and small-college athletic coaches, most of whom had specialized in turning out winning teams. Suddenly they were thrown into a position where they had to work with the mass, to teach the lowest common physical denominator. They had to build up physical fitness, not winning elevens. Victory didn't matter nor did their jobs depend upon it. The result has been that these men have been forced to do some constructive thinking upon sports and the national welfare. It has had, so those close to them believe, a tremendous effect. An effect that will show itself in their work after the war.

At present, at the peak of the greatest war in its history, the United States is spending more time, money and attention on sporting events than ever before. Not attention and time on sport; but on these subsidized, professionalized, athletic exhibitions. Taxes and the cost of living have risen to astronomical proportions, yet the Beau Jacks, the Tigers, the dogs and the horses are doing all right. What a wonderful nation we are, and what a wonderful army we have that can win a war despite the Japs, the Germans and the front at home!

If you visit Rockefeller Center, New York, any day in winter, you will find directly in front of the RCA building a small sunken plaza frozen over for skaters. This plaza, which in summer is covered with chairs, tables and sun umbrellas, is filled all winter with fifty or sixty people skating in the open air. Hanging over the balustrade above, leaning on the rails along the wide steps on both sides, is a crowd of from five to six hundred gawpers staring down as if they had never before seen a pair of skates or a frozen rink. The numbers change slightly as the day draws to a close; but there are always from forty to seventy people performing, and ten times that many watching. The ratio is indicative of the American attitude toward sport. Until we change it, we can't hope by any standards to be a healthy nation.

JOHN R. TUNIS

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Washington Notes

World Box-Score and Domestic Matters

THE FORSYTHIA BUSH outside the White House is as yellow as a pat of butter. President Roosevelt is recovering from another in a succession of head colds. He looks pallid and wan. An election, a world war and a head cold—it is enough to bog down any man. It doesn't bog down Roosevelt. He has an elastic humor in small things. There is a laugh in nearly every press conference: as when he said with mock helplessness that Steve Early had "edited" both Lowell Mellett's informal letter of resignation and his own racy reply. Grinning Early and Mellett were both present. Roosevelt reaches for these laughs like a stratosphere flyer for an oxygen mask when the strain gets too great.

Yes, it's spring again in Washington. And here is a World Box-score as the robins sing.

War. – A million, or maybe more, men are posed for invasion in England. . . . Russians have pushed the southern front back to the border where it started. . . . The Allies are bogged in Italy. . . . German cities and air forces are being ground down. . . . The outer Jap defensive ring has been pierced.

Diplomatic. – Signs of disunity are appearing among the Allies. . . . Stalin has recognized Badoglio in what appears to be a fit of pique. . . . Both Churchill and Hull-Roosevelt feel the need of satisfying growing democratic restiveness over the interpretations of the Atlantic Charter.

Domestic. – The third wartime presidential election in history is now warming up popular passions. . . . Dewey accumulating strength by saying nothing. . . . Willkie making some of the best speeches in his career. . . . Bricker busily looking backward. . . . MacArthur being used to spearhead isolationist and nationalist groups that will switch later, probably to Dewey. . . . Roosevelt, with an aging Cabinet, still the hope of most liberals, holding his fire in what looks to be his hardest race.

Future. – All sorts of traps stand in the way of World War II's meaning anything. . . . There is the trap of Allied disunity. . . . Of inability to work the constitutional division of powers between President and Congress. . . . The trap of the Senate two-thirds treaty rule. . . . Of postwar inflation, with Eccles testifying last week that the "inflationary potential" will be $194,000,000,000 as of next June 30.

Thought. – What a sardonic joke it would be for the inspired inventors of that social satire, the game called "Monopoly," to bring out now its sequel, called "Victory," with the stakes reckoned not in terms of token dollars but in batches of ten thousand, a hundred thousand, a million human lives. If the Senate and President couldn't agree on a peace treaty, say, the player would move back 20 years and lose 100 tokens, representing a million lives.

The Senate revolt over the TVA will probably be blocked in part by the House, but it is symptomatic. During a war the growing resistance of Congress is directed at the Executive. In the best of times, under the divided system of constitutional control, the powers of the President and of Congress are in an uneasy balance. But in wartime, power automatically gravitates to the President. Like it or not, the Congress has to go along on military matters. Congress bides its time. When the war ends there is normally a great explosion of pent-up irritation. Such an explosion spoiled the peace after the Civil War; it hamstrung Wilson's peace after World War I. It is one of the reasons why America is better at making war than at making peace. Thus far, Mr. Roosevelt has managed to placate Congress in many particulars. But more and more Congress has tended to kick over the traces on domestic matters. The Senate TVA battle is the latest example of the mood. Under vindictive McKellar, the upper chamber voted to throw 27,000 federal jobs into the political grab-bag, by requiring senatorial confirmation (something the House will reject not, alas, from lofty motives, but primarily because it increases Senate, not House, patronage); it ordered the TVA to come annually to Congress for financing; it voted to wipe out Mr. Roosevelt's Fair Employment Practice Committee, designed to promote racial fairness, and took a vicious swipe at a dozen other agencies.

Meanwhile, over on the House side, the Foreign Affairs Committee inserted "restrictive" amendments into the Lend-Lease-extension bill, designed to prevent this agency from effecting postwar commitments without specific congressional approval. These and other developments show the present congressional mood. It is apt to be increasingly belligerent as peace draws nearer.

An argument for Dewey, and one that is almost certain to be strongly urged if he is nominated, is that his election would reconcile legislature and executive, and avoid the unfortunate postwar congressional explosion. This would be true, however, only if (a) Dewey, or the Republican incumbent, carried along with him decisive party majorities in both houses, and if (b) the so-called honeymoon period had not expired before the war came to its close. If there were any insurance that President and Congress could really work in harmony for constructive goals after this war almost any candidate would be worth ardent support. Unfortunately, constitutional and political experience shows there is no such guarantee.

Those who accompanied Candidate Willkie were impressed by the absence of young people and soldiers in the political audiences. Others point out the difficulties the shifting labor population will have in trying to register and vote at this election. Control will go to the sober, cautious, elderly stay-at-homes. Is America becoming a gerontocracy, a nation ruled by the elderly? It has sometimes seemed so in the past week to a reporter who followed 73-year-old Mr. Hull about as he expounded his foreign-policy generalizations and watched 75-year-old McKellar leading a successful attack on the TVA on the Senate floor. The poll-tax fight, incidentally, has been held up to give Negro-hating Senator Bilbo, who will lead the attack on the proposed bill, a chance to get adjusted to his new store teeth. Two veteran Senators may miss this year's convention because of their condition, Carter Glass (86) and "Cotton Ed" Smith (80). On the other hand, that extraordinary

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nonentity, Hattie Caraway, appointed and then elected to her Senate seat by gallant Arkansans for the reason that she was the widow of a Senator, may be retired this fall. One of the contestants for her seat is able Representative Fulbright, author of the Fulbright resolution. Gracious, he is only 39!

Washington T. R. B.

Enter Madame Pitoeff

The House in Paris, by E. Mawby Green and Edward Allen Feilbert. Based on the novel by Elizabeth Bowen. Fulton Theatre, March 20, 1944.

MR. BURTON RASCOE, with his lovable determination to tell the truth about the Broadway theatre, and his very genuine culture and ranging education, speaks of the rickety melodrama that has been made of the Elizabeth Bowen novel, and of the manner in which "it becomes absolutely absurd by the tacking on of a false and incredible 'happy ending,' whereby Madame Pitoeff is supposed to change her character entirely, in the space of a few minutes and for no earthly reason, from that of a malign and resourceful succuba into the sort of wise, poised and sweet aristocratic old lady the movies have interminably made of Mme. Ouspenskaya."

Mr. Rascoe has put his pen on exactly the point, and on the point too of what is the matter with the entire play that we see now at the Fulton. All that you can say of this play is that it constantly refers you to something else, and reminds you of some source—a novel or what not—that was highly interesting. To review "The House in Paris," and make any sense thereby, would be only to review a novel that appeared and was reviewed and read a considerable while ago. The best things in this play are never in it, and the best things it has to say are never said. Its vagueness, its implications of deep matters and its technical breakdown at climactic moments, are such as drove newspaper first-night critics to dire vilification and baffled dismissal. As for me, coming after these public rejections—I must confess I found the evening less tedious than many on Broadway ("Candle in the Wind," for example, with the war, Paris and Miss Helen Hayes and her handbags). At least the authors of "The House in Paris" were trying to put something in (though they never did) instead of trying steadily to leave something out (which was the congenital state of Mr. Maxwell Anderson in this candle-Paris-Hayes piece). "The House in Paris" remains, nevertheless—or therefore—an unwritten play that makes no sense as a whole and that is actable only bit by bit.

The play was directed by Mr. Clarence Derwent, whose rotund sonorities and verbal pauses have long been familiar to our stage. Etc. The company was as good as the play deserved—Miss Cavada Humphrey, for a notable example, in a role, the battered daughter, whose consistency was fairly well established. And Mr. Michael Ingram gave a passable portrayal of the vague artist, victim of many personal influences—tinged with something that only some whole play devoted to the character could demonstrate perhaps, though in the novel it would seem to make sense enough—for the novel, that is, though not for the last act of a Broadway catch-as-catch-can piece of false subtlety. Alastair Boyd Kyle played with astounding ability the shade of the novelist's little boy, Leopold, the illegitimate, sensisitive and so on—I have not read the novel—with second-sight, psychic powers that disturb the well-brought-up English girl of twelve, and a melange of subtly violent incoherences that he conveyed with a truth and an intensity that only added to the general distraction of the play as a play.

In truth the only reason for our writing here about the occasion at all is that it is an honest attempt about a novel that has been soundly admired, or approved, and that it brings to our stage for the first time the star of the famous Pitoeff theatre in Paris, long known to American tourists as well as Russians and French residents. Madame Pitoeff is an actress of a vast, semi-drab and warmish-gray resource, never vivid but impossible to forget. What glamour she has is somewhat fetid and analytic, but doggedly recurrent. I mean by that that whether you delight in her or not, you respect her; you recognize her persistent concentration and slow smile of climactic nuance, her almost elegant resistance to the showy and brilliant as stage art. If I were asked to advise Madame Pitoeff, I should tell her that understatement can miss the point even worse than overstatement can. What will Madame Pitoeff think when she hears that many of our players never hit the point at all—partly because there is not much point to hit? We should need to see this actress in a variety of roles if we are to judge her technical and special abilities.

STARK YOUNG

Men in Battle

"WITH THE MARINES AT TARAWA" (shot by Marine Corps photographers and assembled by Warner Brothers) is the most descriptive account of American men in combat that has been issued this war. If any film has got into the heart of battle, it is this account of one of the more dreadful engagements in the Pacific, in which some 3,000 Marines were killed or injured in taking a 22-mile-long island. None of them is shown being killed or injured; there is only the one glimpse which has been reproduced in newsreels and magazines of the dead floating in the water along the shoreline. But the nature of the fighting is indicated throughout the film's 19 minutes—in the moment where some Marines warily move forward to finish off a blasted Japanese pillbox and in every halt, doubt, erratic movement that marks their walk into possible enemy bullets; or in the unending way a machine-gun crew pours bullets straight ahead, and in the way one of the crew turns as though he had been doing this for hours and was due to go on doing it, and lights a cigarette; or in the look of the men who leave the island or those walking in across that deadly, exposed expanse of water from ship to beach. Besides the intensity of its image of men facing death at every instant, it gets over an equally meaningful one of the special state to which modern fighting has progressed. You never see the enemy because he is hidden behind incredible concrete defenses, but you realize his deadliness by the way the Marines inch their way up to these defenses until they

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can blast out the occupants with flame-throwers, grenades and mortars. There is a constant haze of smoke over the island from gunpowder, and by the fourth day Tarawa looks as if it had been shaved.

The producer of fictional war films, as well as everyone else, would do well to watch this short, where nothing is ever as direct, orderly and bald as it is in fiction films, and everything is full of strange idiosyncrasies and unpredictable movements that make every scene tremendously significant. He would learn that grenade-throwing isn't something as flowery as a wind-up by Buck Newsome, that the nature of a battle might be captured wholly by a glimpse of a face that has been through it, that there is something queerer and much more moving in the walk of a really injured person than in, say, the way Thomas Mitchell walks in "Bataan." "With the Marines at Tarawa" is a film I strongly advise everyone to see.

The continuity of "Tunisian Victory," which is a joint effort by the government film units of Great Britain (under Hugh Stewart) and the United States (under Frank Capra) to record the latter part of the North African campaign as well as "Desert Victory" did the earlier part, has been chopped practically to confetti. The film seems to have been worked by several thousand cooks, each of whom decided to throw in another commentator, some more maps and some business he found exciting in another documentary. Or else the original material was spotty, or the attempt to show all of the parts of a complicated campaign in clear, scholarly manner squeezed everything down to evaporation. Whatever the reason, "Tunisian Victory" will prove, even at its level of interest, more exciting than some future schoolbook accounts of the campaign, and maybe as accurate. It has undoubtedly established a record for the number of different commentators used per second and for the number of maps used per inch.

"Chip off the Old Block" amiably intertwines several stock movie situations solely as an excuse to show the complete working vocabulary of Donald O'Connor, who was seen as a smaller boy several years ago in "Sing You Sinners," and now, after a vaudeville career and more movies, is a candidate for Mickey Rooney's role of most precocious film juvenile. O'Connor has some of the looks and vitality of a cricket, dresses like orchestra leaders or crooners, and tries everything—this includes the dancing of Fred Astaire and Don Hartman, the mugging of Mickey Rooney and some of Ben Blue's goon-like comedy. He is best without any of these influences, having a soft, unsullied and friendly quality plus an extremely cagey, vaudevillian's talent, which permits him to make use of almost any kind of material and to give it a certain charm and originality. This ability to brush off a stock gag without waving it at you will surprise you: for instance he even gets by with that business of eating the girl's powder puff instead of the marshmallow. I'd like to see him in straight roles. The picture has much of his lightness and grace when he is around doing straight non-singing, non-dancing comedy. There are a number of rather famous older people interspersed in the doings, among whom Arthur Treacher and J. Edward Bromberg enjoy themselves most with material that might kill them otherwise.

MANNY FARBER

The Bandwagon

Petitions were circulated here [Olympia] yesterday directed to the Congress of the United States and asking that body for the impeachment of Vice President Henry A. Wallace.

Wendell Nelson of Seattle sponsored the petitions, which asserted Wallace [among other things] had "made the following public statement in Seattle, February 9, 1944 (as quoted from a newspaper): 'Those of us who realize the inevitability of revolution are anxious that it be gradual and bloodless instead of sudden and bloody.' " – *UP dispatch to The Seattle Star.*

Today the farmer is convinced that the administration is more interested in keeping him tied to subsidies than in helping him obtain economic equality. Subsidies, he has learned, are subtle devices for keeping him subjugated to government-dictated programs. Then too they hold down the cost of living and are a means of equalizing national income. – *From The Nation's Business.*

On the Home Front

For the first time in its history, policemen attending the annual policeman's ball April 22 will wear tuxedos instead of full-dress suits. – *From The San Francisco Chronicle.*

That All-Out Effort

You can be helpful *in your sleep!* . . . When you go Pullman, you leave coach space for essential travelers who can't afford the comfort and convenience you enjoy. – *A full-page advertisement of the Pullman Company in Time and Life magazines.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Privilege v. Democracy

SIR: Thanks for throwing down the gauntlet against fascism ["President, Congress and People," March 6, 1944]. As I see it, there are three policies battling for America:

1. The reactionary fascists, who are definitely addicted to the age-old habit of privileged ownership and wage labor, even to lowering living standards and suppressing educational and political rights.

2. The moderate fascists, who believe in privileged ownership and wage labor, but feel that they can prevent monopoly and preserve educational and political liberties at the same time (but never do).

3. The radical democrats, who stand for equal ownership of all natural resources and for equal (though diversified) contribution to production, and for the right of each adult (regardless of sex or color) to vote and to learn.

Since no policy census has ever been taken in America, no one can be sure of the number in each group. So far, we have only two major political parties, and both are too politic to state their policies. And since neither has its own direct communications system to its party members, how can we have anything but confused thinking? Each political party has tried to appease each group to a certain extent, and yet the concentration of ownership goes on just the same—from national monopolies to

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international cartels. And from dominating owning groups in nations to dominating nations in the world—which all goes to prove my theory, that one cannot control one's government when one does not control one's own natural resources.

When the issue sharpens here, as it has in countries which have lived much longer with the policy of privileged ownership, with its poverty, its snobbery, and its injustice—it is possible that we too may be less confused. We may even begin to believe in democracy!

Vallejo, Calif. IRMA MYERS ARTHUR

Mr. Ruml's Postwar Fiscal Program

SIR: I agree with the first of Mr. Beardsley Ruml's nine points for prosperity after the war [The New Republic, February 28]. Aside from that, the plan seems to me chiefly remarkable for its omissions.

Mr. Ruml says nothing about the need of checking private greed and insisting that wages provide a decent living. Yet in 1929, in the spring of which year The Survey Graphic devoted a full issue to unemployment, 38 men had a total net income of $360,000,000, while our 425,000 cotton-mill workers had a gross income of $325,000,000 (Statistics of Income and Statistical Abstract).

Mr. Ruml says nothing about the gouging done by public utilities privately. Yet anyone should note the contrast in rates between Ontario, with public ownership, and New York, with private ownership, but both getting power from Niagara Falls.

Mr. Ruml says nothing about the Tennessee Valley Authority, Boulder Dam, Bonneville, Grand Coulee and other publicly built works which have been magnificent savers of money, time and life in this war.

Plenty of omissions might be cited, but these seem enough.

South Bend, Ind. GEORGE L. KNAPP

The Farm Journal

SIR: In the article "American Magazines in Wartime," by Richard Rovere, appearing in the March 6 issue, the author says: "Now that Bernarr Macfadden has lost control of Liberty, no large magazine carries the standards of organized reaction."

Mr. Rovere has overlooked the magazine with the *fourth largest circulation in the country*, The Farm Journal, controlled by Wheeler McMillen. This powerful organ, with huge farm coverage, is far more important than any of our city-minded writers seem to realize. It is as . . . anti-liberal as any sheet carrying the "standards of organized reaction." Why is its influence so persistently ignored?

Mystic, Conn. ADELE ERISMAN

From a Soldier in Egypt

SIR: Your readers may be interested in a letter from my nephew, Reinhardt Eybers, of the South African Army in Egypt, to his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Eben Eybers of Bloemfontein, S. A.

Washington, D. C. MRS. RICHARD HOGUE

[ENCLOSURE]

We have just been issued with our battle dress. The stuff is American-made on British pattern and I hope it is as durable as it is Yanky-swanky. Uncle Sam sure has the right idea about clothing an army. I would not be ashamed to get married in stuff of the same cut and material. The Yank winter shirt that is complementary is also an issue masterpiece, while their blankets, light and warm, are the best blankets I have ever seen. One thing more about this battle dress: it has 26 tags on, one tag attached to each separate bit of cloth and each set of tags on one particular suit intricately and identically numbered like the serials and symbols of machine-calculated forms. I suppose this is because each part is subcontracted for and then all pieces are mass-assembled. Then our rifles and heaven knows what else are also Yank. The Yanks have grandiose ideas and it is quite a compliment to them that they can put them into mass effect so successfully. They are taking great pains to fit us out snugly and this is something new to me. One of our chaps recalled the day before we were outfitted by the Yanks when he drew a shirt from the quartermaster, the collar of which was obviously cut for the neck of a turkey, and found that he could only exchange it for something that could be buttoned around the neck of a shorthorn.

Critic's Reward

SIR: I want to thank you for Rolfe Humphries' discerning review of Robert Fitzgerald's new book of poems ["A Wreath for the Sea," published by New Directions] in your issue of March 6.

I did buy the book as a consequence. I found great pleasure in it, and I thought that Humphries' appraisal was just and penetrating.

Chicago, Ill. C. K. MELDRUM

Where the Kraft Paper Went

SIR: Before you enter an already badly crowded competitive field with your suggested congressional investigation, permit me to assure you that kraft paper has really "gone to war." If it is of any comfort to your harried business manager, the supply of kraft pulp has been channeled in large part to the production of containers for military supplies. Since there are about 4,000,000 men in service overseas and each one must be supplied with 8 tons of material, with an additional one ton a month of supplies of all kinds while he remains overseas, the quantity of containers, V-boxes and kraft wrapping paper needed is tremendous. In addition, sheets of waterproof kraft paper are laminated with an asphalt filler and used as tarpaulins when war material is landed on docks or beachheads. A minor but none the less interesting use for kraft paper is as a tissue for making condensers for radio and radar equipment.

My information comes from the War Production Board.

Washington, D. C. HJALMAR FEYLING

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Some of the women's organizations, including the AAUW, the General Federation of Women's Clubs and the American Medical Women's Association, have written the President requesting that he veto H.R. 149, "the dry skim milk bill." The objection is raised "because the bill threatens the Federal Food, Drug and Cosmetics Act of 1938." HR. 149, the letter states, will allow "dry skim milk" to be called "defatted milk solids" or "non-fat dry milk solids," which "will make it possible for for the product to be misrepresented to the buyer."

From Mr. Paul Cherin of Brooklyn comes a copy of his letter to Mr. Lessing J. Rosenwald, American Council for Judaism, Inc., in which he objects to statements made by the Council in the form of an advertisement, "The British White Paper on Palestine," which appeared in The New Republic. He says that the Council's "attitude seems to ask for a Palestine that is simply another Arab state, where the Jews will remain a permanent minority, that is they will live on sufferance rather than of right, in their own ancestral homeland," and further, "There is no reason why the Jews should not insist on their right of establishing a haven of refuge for those who want that refuge, and a seat of culture for those who wish to follow that way of life."

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Books in Review

Reading and Writing

IN THE FIRST ENTRY, dated December 15, 1942, of this fictional journal[1] Joseph (we never learn his surname) writes:

> In my present state of demoralization, it has become necessary for me to keep a journal—that is, to talk to myself. . . . Nearly seven months have gone by since I resigned my job at the Inter-American Travel Bureau to answer the army's call for induction. I am still waiting. . . . Meanwhile, Iva, my wife, has been supporting me. . . . I have thought of going to work, but I am unwilling to admit that I do not know how to use my freedom and have to embrace the flunkydom of a job because I have no resources—in a word, no character. I made an attempt to enlist in the navy last time I was reclassified, but induction, it seems, is the only channel for aliens. [Joseph is a Canadian citizen, although he has been living in Chicago for many years.] There is nothing to do but wait, or dangle, and grow more and more dispirited. It is perfectly clear to me that I am deteriorating, storing bitterness and spite which eat like acids at my endowment of generosity and good will. But the seven months' delay is only one of the sources of my harassment. Again, I sometimes think of it as the backdrop against which I can be seen swinging. It is still more. Before I can properly estimate the damage it has done me I shall have to be cut down.

Four months later, Joseph closes his journal: "This is my last civilian day. . . ."

The intervening entries run from laconic accounts of the weather and his Chicago rooming-house neighbors, dialogues between Joseph and his other self—the Spirit of Alternatives—to several longer passages which place in dramatic focus the demoralization of the hero. In these latter sections Mr. Bellow approaches almost directly the manner of the conventional realistic novel and demonstrates that if he should desire to write at length in that form, his ear for conversation and his mastery of intellectual and physical action within a scene lift him at once out of the novice class. A family party that ends in a quarrel and the final altercation between Joseph and his neighbors which leads to his request to be inducted immediately are two of the most fully explored and completely realized scenes in recent fiction.

In the present instance we may be grateful that Mr. Bellow did not see fit to employ throughout his book the techniques of the conventional novel, because the diary form has enabled him to present a complex and difficult individual in the round, an event that is rare and wonderful in modern American writing. Commenting in these pages some months ago on what I labeled "The New Impulse in Fiction" (The New Republic, August 30), I had occasion to say, "After the arid politicalism and the ill fitting heroics of much of the writing of the thirties, it is good to find a large number of young writers examining the differences between men and the perilous depths within them. It is good to find them respecting the tools of their craft. But most of them need reminding that psychology and craftsmanship are not enough, are helpless in the absence of the moral imagination." Mr. Bellow is in no need of this admonition.

[1] Dangling Man, by Saul Bellow. New York: The Vanguard Press. 191 pages. $2.50.

The instances of censorship, which in some measure are undoubtedly a result of wartime atmospheric pressures, continue to mount. On top of the Post Office's interference with the circulation of Esquire and View, the New York police have been making unwarranted inquiries about James T. Farrell's "Studs Lonigan," under the equally unwarranted assumption that the book had something to do with an unhappy gentleman currently in the news. In Boston, traditional home of censorship follies, the police required Miss Katherine Dunham to omit two of the numbers in her "Tropical Revue" and banned Igor Stravinsky's arrangement of "The Star-Spangled Banner." More recently the frightened booksellers of that city have refused to stock Lillian Smith's novel, "Strange Fruit." As F. O. Matthiessen points out:

> The alleged reason for suppression is, of course, obscenity. But the one passage in the book where an objectionable word is used is when Nonnie Anderson, the Negro girl who is going to have a baby, reflects on the cruelty of her situation. Tracy Deen, the white man who loved her but who is deserting her under the force of social pressures, tries to compel her to marry Big Henry, a Negro whom she loathes. At that point all the brutalities she has ever known well up in her mind, and she recalls the ugly sexual advances this same Henry made upon her when she was a child. The objectionable word comes into her mind with a revulsion of horror, and its effect is the reverse of obscene.

Despite rumors in the press that Reynal and Hitchcock, the publishers of "Strange Fruit," planned a special bowdlerized edition of the book that would be acceptable to Massachusetts sensibilities, the publishers happily state "that they have no intention whatsoever of tampering with a fine and important book in order to transform it into what official Boston might regard as acceptable." It is good to know this, but had the publishers and Miss Smith consented to a special "Boston edition" of the book there would have been compensations in seeing the disgraceful action of the booksellers of Boston so canonized.

With other reviewers I have had to call attention on more than one occasion to the fact that a book under review had no index. The chief merit of many books is as works of reference, and the increasing carelessness of authors and publishers in bringing out such books without indexes makes them almost useless.

Arguments about the haste and confusion of wartime publishing hold little water. A serious book of any length that commands a second or third glance requires an index. Two of the most important books published last year are cases in point. Carey McWilliams' "Brothers Under the

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Skin" and Louis Adamic's "My Native Land" are invaluable as references, respectively, on minority racial groups in the United States and on the recent history of Yugoslavia. Adamic's book happens to be rather haphazardly organized; to find for a second time a minor reference in it is a slow business. These remarks apply equally to Pierre Cot's recent encyclopedic "Triumph of Treason." In each of these books a short index at least could have been included for a small sum and with little delay.

Ideally, every book should have a carefully prepared analytical index. In the index of a well edited volume by a British philosopher (Broad, I think) is the helpful entry, which should serve as a model for all authors and publishers:

Christ, Jesus
—body and blood of

GEORGE MAYBERRY

Recent Books on China

The Making of Modern China, by Owen and Eleanor Lattimore. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 208 pages. $2.50.
China Handbook: 1937-1943. Compiled by the Chinese Ministry of Information. New York: The Macmillan Company. 951 pages. $5.
Traditional Chinese Tales. Translated by Chi-Chen Wang. New York: Columbia University Press. 225 pages. $2.75.
Contemporary Chinese Stories. Translated by Chi-Chen Wang. New York: Columbia University Press. 242 pages. $2.75.

DURING the last few years, the last few months even, there have been published many short histories of China: a good one, though inadequate for the political student, by Professor Goodrich, a revised edition of Professor Latourette's essential "The Chinese, Their History and Culture," and an intensely interesting book by a middle-of-the-way Chinese scholar, Tsui Chi, entitled "A Short History of Chinese Civilization" (Putnam, $4). So, too, there have been innumerable works on this or that aspect of the Chinese question, among them quite outstanding books like Agnes Smedley's "Battle Hymn of China." And yet with all this writing there has been no really first-rate effort to explain to the non-specialist just how the Chinese Republic came to be what it is and what it may become. That such a book is needed, as distinct from a general history of culture, there can be no doubt. It still needs to be written, for, good as the Lattimores' brief and densely written volume is, it has certain weaknesses.

The foregoing reservation must not be understood to mean that "The Making of Modern China" does not score more points than other efforts. Its clarity, its judicious summing-up, it balanced liberalism and its frankly modern outlook are all admirable. And yet the profound necessity of the Third Chinese Revolution, which remains to be made, is not clearly enough stated in the concluding sections of this volume. Verbally, the truth is there. "When the constraint imposed by the Japanese invasion is broken by China's final victory, the whole nation will surge forward toward all the forms of active participation in public and national affairs," the authors write on page 175. On page 189 they say, admirably enough, "in economic terms of China's main forms of wealth—land and grain—as well as in political terms of the balance between national government and local government, China is still a revolutionary country, faced by revolutionary issues. The Kuomintang, as the party that controls the government, has yet to make a great historical decision—whether it will champion the interests of the people as a whole, or itself submit to domination by the landlords. . . ." These are sound statements. They should have provided the guiding principles in the construction of the book. Having said this, one must still record one's opinion that this is the best available primer on the origin and development of China's Republic.

There is danger that the Second Chinese Revolution may become a social counter-revolution. One knows at least three authorities who, in private or in public, will admit as much. (Each of them, of course, will gladly add up for one the other columns in the political ledger.) The massive China Handbook: 1937-1943, published by the Chungking Ministry of Information, if its articles and statistics are to be taken at their face value—and few authorities will do any such thing—will enable one to strike some sort of a balance for oneself. This reader is skeptical of official Chinese statistics. Nor does one need to be a specialist to be aware that, on many historical questions, alternative accounts are quite as plausible as those given here. And that is putting it mildly. Not to put it mildly, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's repetitive report on the Fourth Army incident is plain reactionary bunkum if Agnes Smedley's report is as true as Chinese political students dare admit in private.

In many respects the Handbook, while in the main it follows the old model, is an advance on the volumes published by Mr. Woodhead. (It is also far better than the rival volume published in England by an official Chinese publicity group.) No longer will Chinese or democratic American sensibilities be outraged by the publication *in extenso* of Japanese documents on the Chinese question, as if the Handbook were written by a Western God for erring Orientals. Mr. Woodhead will note with a satisfaction that one would like to have seen him denied that not all is changed. It used hotly to be said, for example, that The Great-Old-China-Hand-of-them-all offended Chinese patriots by stating, in his thumbnail biographies, that So and So preferred the occidentalized form of his name. That still is done in this volume. It is not the only unchanged aspect that was once the target of criticism.

Perhaps the most valuable feature of the Handbook, from the viewpoint of students of China's economic and political problems, is the frank article on Price and Commodity Control, which gives a fairly adequate survey of China's stupendous inflation and of the laws passed in the effort to control it. That there is no estimate of the effectiveness of these measures is significant. That the problem is vast even the official figures make clear. To take three regions of Szechwan, if the 1938 index of farm prices received by farmers is taken as 105, the July, 1942 price, the last recorded, was 4,183. Chungking apologists assert that much of the increase remains as real purchasing power with China's predominant farmer class. Some of it doubtless does, though another table shows, for the same regions,

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little profit to the farmer. There is all too much reason to believe, on evidence partly contained in the Handbook, that the grain taxes have been passed on by the landlords, in the form of rent, to the laboring farmers themselves. Article Three of the 1930 Land Law decreed, for example, that Land Rent should not exceed a still excessive 37.5 percent of the main produce of the land rented. The Handbook shows, however, that in Szechwan only 1.2 percent of farmers get off with less than 40-percent crop rent, while 46 percent pay between 40-50 percent, 29 percent pay rent up to 60 percent of their main crops and 21 percent surrender up to 70 percent, with 2.4 in every hundred being rack-rented beyond that abominable degree. Figures like these, in no way exceptional, give force to the Lattimore paragraphs quoted above. They symbolize an internal tension which must remake China, or tear her apart and destroy her. The new spirit in China is largely the consequence of that tension.

That "the new spirit" is not a mere phrase the two volumes of stories edited by Mr. Chi-Chen Wang is proof. To this enthusiastic reader of Chinese classical verse in translation neither the classical nor the popular tales of China have ever seemed to have great merit, or at least, to have any merit that could be remotely compared with those of Li Po, not to mention Po-Chü-i or Tu Fu, whose standards of civilization we rarely seem to reach. Nor does the somewhat superior realistic novel, naturally not represented in the first of Mr. Chi-Chen Wang's volumes, really compare with the picaresque tales of the West. Its monotony, its episodic diffusiveness (marked in all realistic literature) is not compensated for by the sardonic and concentrated wit of the European examples. In this traditional literature of China, at least as translations into the major European languages have brought it to us, there is not that delighted interest in characterization which our esthetic habits demand. The admission is implicitly made by the editor, who is none too sympathetic to the old literature, when he says that in his selection, "the supernatural predominates, probably because it is easier to paint creditable portraits of ghosts and demons than of men."

When we turn to contemporary work the case is not altogether different. There is merit in these stories collected by Mr. Chi-Chen Wang, though again it is a merit that the sophisticated standards of Western criticism will find it hard to measure. Perhaps one can express one's reaction best by saying that while they often excite and fill one with admiration for Chinese qualities, as literature these stories would appeal more strongly to Soviet Russian critics than to the average reader of The New Republic. They vary greatly in merit, of course. Such a story as "The Road," by Chang T'ien-yi, will have almost no appeal at all—while others by Lusin are real stories, solid, coherent in form, unique in their inner intention. In general, however, it is not for their literary pleasures that one will read this volume, but for the important experience of regeneration and revitalization which they illustrate. They record and often describe in animated fashion the rebirth of a nation's will. No more convincing proof could be offered of the truth of Mr. and Mrs. Lattimore's assertion, that the close of the war will see an upsurge of China's creativity.

RALPH BATES

E. E. Cummings

One Times One, by E. E. Cummings. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 54 poems. $2.

With the publication of his "50 Poems" three years ago Cummings' rank as a poet became more obvious than it had been before, and the present volume reinforces his position. For several years after the original shock and surprise of his early verse, Cummings' reputation as a poet went partly underground. He seemed to be merely an oddity, apart from the main stream of contemporary writing. He mentioned social issues only to attack them, and his individualism seemed to flourish in its own queer way in a climate quite removed from the contemporary scene. But as we look back at the thirties and see that the emphasis on social issues, from which Cummings was so far removed, produced little good poetry, Cummings' work stands out with increasing clarity. The artist, by remaining always the artist and nothing else, has triumphed, and just as the value and integrity of Henry James seem worth studying in a time when social idealism has gone to smash, so—in its different way—does the value and integrity of Cummings' best work seem worth emphasizing. By concentrating with complete honesty on his own response to individual objects and emotions he has not merely perfected a personal idiom, but in his best poems he has achieved a special depth and insight which few of his contemporaries can equal.

The present volume contains poems of varied quality, and there are still a good many of them which are merely clever tricks written in Cummings' own peculiar manner. Sometimes these still seem to express the state of mind of a man whose chief aim is merely to be smart. But even these minor and superficial poems should not be dismissed. Many of them are witty and amusing, and all of Cummings' devices are used for the purpose of capturing as accurately as possible some moment of observed experience; if at times the poem seems slight, it is because the experience has itself been slight. This is true both of the satirical poems and the ones that are more positively lyrical. There are several which seem to strain for high and tenuous reaches of feeling like the last notes of the song of the hermit thrush, too high to be heard by the human ear. The thing or thought, and the poem, almost vanish, like a wisp. But the wisp has nevertheless been there, and it has been seen.

There is another type of poem in this volume of a richer kind where Cummings' admirably sharpened ear creates a special lyrical tune that is as delightful as it is individual. Poem III is the most successful of these. It has a grace and a delightful quality of surprise which few lyric poets can manage; I quote only the last stanza:

> But over a (see just
> over this) wall
> the red and the round
> (they're gravensteins) fall
> with kind of a blind
> big sound on the ground

But the best poems in this volume are of a third type, mostly sonnets, the majority of them love sonnets, where

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in addition to grace there is also depth. In these poems the fracture of the normal forms of speech, the use of adjectives and verbs as nouns, the coinage of such words as "whereless" and (a favorite device with Cummings) such neological negatives as "unhe," are really essential devices for expressing the complication that is the essence of pure feeling. What Cummings is trying to do in all his poems is to present his feeling or the object of his feeling as directly as possible, in as vivid and rhythmical a way as possible. He wants to make the "now" as real as it is to the ideally whole being who is experiencing it. He detests classifications, categories, the unaware simple people who call things "good" and "bad," who destroy individuality by thinking of groups or gangs, who negate reality by dividing themselves into types and who are unreal—"spooks of stop and go"—because they cannot flower as true experience flowers. It is the Emersonian tradition of individualism, with the transcendentalism deflated, and focused instead, with all the resources of an expert technique, on the living and the here:

all ignorance toboggans into know
and trudges up to ignorance again:
but winter's not forever,even snow
melts;and if spring should spoil the game,what then?

all history's a winter sport or three:
but were it five,i'd still insist that all
history is too small for even me;
for me and you,exceedingly too small.

Swoop(shrill collective myth)into thy grave
merely to toil the scale to shrillerness
per every madge and mabel dick and dave
—tomorrow is our permanent address

and there they'll scarcely find us(if they do,
we'll move away still further:into now

There are, of course, limitations to poetry like this, and there are limitations to the point of view that lies behind it. There is—as in all techniques which are individual, which the poet's anti-poetic environment forces him to make too individual—a sense of strain that results in (a) cuteness, and (b) exaggeration. In the sonnet I have quoted there is cuteness in the phrase "winter sport or three," and the otherwise admirable poem XVIII is weakened by the cuteness of the ending:

(really unreal world,will you perhaps do
the breathing for me while i am away?)

One can see, reading these lines, the ghost of Emily Dickinson, looking in a mirror, pleased, but blushing. Furthermore, in spite of their splendor of phrasing and their nobility of rhetoric (Cummings is a master of rhetorical movement), there are passages like the following quatrain, from poem LII, which seem to me an exaggeration of Cummings' central theme:

multiplied with infinity sans if
the mightiest meditations of mankind
canceled are by one merely opening leaf
(beyond whose nearness there is no beyond)

Considered merely as statement, this is untrue: the opening of a leaf, if there are values to be kept, is *not* the canceling of all human speculation; to say so is to be romantic in a way that would make the unfolding of a leaf more exciting than Cummings' response to that unfolding. In the case of Cummings v. leaf, I am for Cummings, for the meditations of the sensitively aware human being as opposed to the blind object which starts those meditations. For without Cummings' awareness of the leaf there would be no poetry; the artist himself is, of course, the chief object of contemplation, and without the artist we tend to turn into what the Middle Ages, anticipating Cummings' negatives, called "un-wights," no-creatures. What we need is a Cummings to make us aware of the leaf. He wakes us up, and his poetry is full of that sense of musical delight which Coleridge calls one of the gifts of the imagination. Like the poetry of Hopkins it is real and alive and moving because it tries to capture the "inscape" of things. It does not wrench or tear us, like some of Hopkins—Puck is not Satan, nor Ariel St. Ignatius—but it recreates, sinlessly, with American a-morality, the taste, the movement, the color and shape of the individual thing or emotion just as Hopkins' poetry recreates those things. It is a poetry of joy, that seeks for joy and, perhaps at the cost of wearing blinkers, finds joy and succeeds, to our great delight, in expressing it. Cummings' poetry at its best is lyrical poetry at its best: the creation of a fresh and individual response to fact and feeling through a singing, expert and individual technique that makes the reader gayly cry (as he at the same time stands off and admires and moves in and feels): "Of course! Hooray! Why didn't I know? I live that way too!"

THEODORE SPENCER

Balzac of the Badlands

Bugles in the Afternoon, by Ernest Haycox. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 306 pages. $2.50.

WESTERN STORIES are written by formula, more or less as follows: hero meets heroine and villain; hero and heroine are attracted to each other, then—after some heroic deed which the plot, perforce, must leave unexplained—the two are alienated; the hero faces great physical danger; the villain, for a time, gains the advantage; hero and villain engage in fist fights and gun play, and Indians, if any are available, throw a few savage yells and poisoned arrows into the story; at last the villain is exposed, the hero is reinstated in the esteem of the heroine and the community, and the inevitable clinch brings all to a happy close. The action takes place anywhere out West, usually in the middle or later third of the nineteenth century, and is related, directly or indirectly, to some phase of frontier history. It is cut and dried, as unvarying in its thematic development as a country sermon; and, in fact, the Western story is the favorite homily of millions of American readers. It satisfies both the moral expectations and the repressed lusts of the Puritan mind.

One of the leading practitioners of the art of the Western story is Ernest Haycox. From the fly leaf of his latest book you learn that he has twenty novels to his credit. These novels, many of which are serialized, prior to publication, in Collier's, usually run to 306 pages in length.

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That's about 2,000,000 words right there. And that is to say nothing of the short stories and other unlisted novels he may have published, or the serials in Collier's which were never bound in boards.

But the curious thing about Haycox is that despite the impedimenta of his genre—he is a slick, as distinct from a pulp, writer—he still manages, rather frequently, to hit a level of fairly good and interesting writing. That his literary effects are intentional, rather than accidental, may be seen by the care with which he has altered the basic Western formula. Haycox heroes are disillusioned men with a bitter past who run away from their women. Haycox heroines, while they do not exactly pursue, have a tenacity, a frankness and a binding insight worth all the rope tricks of the wily female. Haycox villains are motivated, not by lucrative gold mines and mortgages and—subtly enough—not even by the simple desire to get their women, but strictly by the faults, the inevitable excesses of their own characters.

Thus in "Bugles in the Afternoon," Kern Shafter had his fingers burned, some ten years ago, shortly after the Civil War, when his fiancée, Alice Macdougall, left him for the villainous Edward Garnett, who, unprincipled playboy and sensualist that he was, besmirched the deluded love she offered him. Garnett and Shafter become bitter enemies—and, of course, they meet at the army camp, Fort Lincoln, in Dakota Territory, where Shafter enlists to participate in the Indian campaigns and to forget it all. Here they both encounter Josephine Russell and fall in love with her—Shafter reluctantly, and Garnett so far as he is capable, and in the manner of the wolf. Garnett, a lieutenant, is in a position to do in the sergeant, Shafter; nor does he hesitate. The two are constantly stepping out of bounds to slug it out. Finally, Garnett dies in an engagement remotely supporting Custer's Last Stand (the conventions of the Western story do not permit the death of the hero; hence Shafter cannot participate in the famous, but completely fatal battle, and Garnett, who is slated to die while justifying himself to Shafter, must also stay out, thereby robbing Haycox, who is writing a historical novel, of the opportunity to get in some history). Shafter, the heat of battle having burned the anger out of him, is affected by Garnett's last words. Garnett has told him, while justifying the life and works of the wolf, that he was merely doing what women wanted him to do. Women are selfish, realistic, sensual. Men are the idealists. An amoral man is the exception; he is rare in that he understands women. Shafter ponders these words. He does not, of course, accept Garnett's apologia; but he gains a tolerance (evidently, one of the edifying effects of soldiery) for all life and all history. The good and the wicked, the moral, the immoral and the amoral, all those who fall in battle, are reconciled in dying. Each has his place, etc. To shorten a long story, Shafter gets the girl—but only after he has conquered, not the villain, but himself.

But "Bugles in the Afternoon" is a disappointing book, nowhere near "The Border Trumpet," which first set me reading Haycox. There, while the old triangle, and scalping, skulking Indians still persist, the characterization is remarkably good—not only for a Western—and the conception of the characters suggests that Haycox may have insights beyond gleaning from the simple, red-blooded creed of manliness. The triad in "The Border Trumpet" is composed of Lt. Tom Benteen, hero; Eleanor Warren, heroine, and Lt. Phil Castleton, villain. The construction of this villain is a rarity in Westerns. While the wolf, Garnett, is a fairly common sort of bad guy, Castleton's evil is purely a matter of psychological monstrosity. The fault with him is tension, ambition, pride and sarcasm; he is a martinet who drives his men too hard, risking lives to advance his own fortunes in the army. Counterposed is Tom Benteen, whose virtues are also psychological rather than simply moral. In addition to courage, he has insight and emotional understanding, a clairvoyance which fascinates women and—perhaps his greatest virtue—the capacity to relax and take his natural ease.

This is a transvaluation of Western-story values and, as such, encouraging for the future of the genre, which has otherwise run its course like the frontier on which it lives.

ISAAC ROSENFELD

A Reader's List

THE POWER INDUSTRY AND THE PUBLIC INTEREST, edited by Edward Eyre Hunt (Twentieth Century Fund, $2). The first part of this useful volume ably summarizes the Fund's factual analysis of the electric-power industry. The economic theory and legal concepts that provide the basis for modern rate regulation, the problems of finance and the experiences of government operation are discussed in a simple and straightforward manner. No sides are taken: the facts are presented for the reader to judge. The recommendations and program of action of the Fund's "Power Committee," however, is another matter. The committee weighed its words carefully, yet its report, which forms the second half of the book, displays a somewhat less than unbiased attitude toward the federal government's activities in power production and regulation. Its

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tone, in fact, is essentially hostile and the labored effort to exhibit impartiality is simply an apologetic screen for the private utilities. It was good, though, to see the many dissenting footnotes by Professor Bonbright: frequent issue was taken with the committee's statements.

MISSISSIPPI'S BAWI PLAN: An Experiment in Industrial Subsidization, by Ernest J. Hopkins (Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta). A large part of the present opposition to subsidies comes from the South. Yet here is an experiment in subsidy economics that was carried through in the state of Mississippi from 1936 to 1940. The plan, described in this scholarly and readable pamphlet as an effort to balance agriculture with industry, was quite successful. With central control exercised by a state industrial commission, local communities offered inducements to individual firms to establish branches in their localities. Only projects that gave needed jobs and avoided undue financial risks were adopted. Public interest in the program was keen; no purely private scheme could so arouse local participation. In actual operation the program was applied but sparingly, yet the implications for a postwar full-employment economy are tremendous.

PLANNING NO. 218: OLD HOUSES (Political and Economic Planning. Available through The New Republic, 25 cents). The parallel developments in British and American housing problems give this broadsheet a particular interest for American readers. The physical and social elements that influence the rate of housing obsolescence are set forth in clear and logical fashion. The pamphlet reminds us that physical deterioration is not the sole cause of old houses; poor architecture, haphazard planning, neighborhood changes and industrial growth are equally strong factors. Yet there has been little normal rebuilding to counteract the high rate of housing decay. The private construction industry has been either unable or unwilling to meet the challenge of housing needs. State and community action, consequently, has been the only answer. The editors support their arguments with numerous citations from British and American experience and offer a practicable program for postwar construction.

Crime and Punishment

THE HOUSE OF COBWEBS, by Mary Reisner (Dodd, Mead, $2.50). The author of "Shadows on the Wall" has written another good psychological novel of murder. Who killed Camilla—the neurotic egomaniac? For a while it looks as if the police may be able to hang it on her husband, Bob Arnold, but Bob and his twin brother eventually outsmart the criminal. Plausible characters and competent writing make this a better than average job.

FIRE WILL FREEZE, by Margaret Millar (Random, $2). Readers who remember Mrs. Millar's extraordinary "Wall of Eyes" last year are going to be disappointed in her new book. It starts off auspiciously enough with an ill assorted busload of skiiers bound for a snow lodge in Canada. The bus driver vanishes, the bus can't be made to run and the passengers take shelter in a nearby chateau where all hell breaks loose, but the wispy and unconvincing plot is totally unable to support the promise of the delightful cast.

THE ROPE BEGAN TO HANG THE BUTCHER, by C. W. Grafton (Farrar and Rinehart, $2). This pleasantly tough item again involves Gilmore Henry, the promising young attorney, now in business for himself. What starts out as a routine investigation of an insurance case soon leads to murder, and Mr. H., a likable guy with plenty of humor, unmasks the killer (as you will probably have done by about page 75).

Contributors

John R. Tunis, the well known sports writer, has contributed articles to Harper's, The Saturday Evening Post, The New Republic and other periodicals. His most recent book is "Rookie of the Year," published on March 9 by Harcourt, Brace.

Ralph Bates's most recent book is "The Undiscoverables."

Theodore Spencer is an associate professor of English at Harvard University. His new book of poems, "An Act of Life," has just been published by the Harvard University Press.

How to make a good living on a small farm

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